In this issue *of* The Outlook

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Will your son have a better chance in college if he comes from a large family or a small?

Ellsworth Huntingtion and Leon F. Whitney, who last week analyzed the records of "Who's Who" to determine the relation between large families and success in life, have now made a most interesting study of the records of Yale graduates and undergraduates. They found an amazing correlation between large families and success. This article will appear next week.

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The Outlook

Volume 146 August 31, 1927 Number 18

James, His Pilgrimage

MAYOR WALKER, of New York, is now on tour in the British Isles. He is making an exhaustive study, in an afternoon, of London's model tenements, and they tell us that he has gathered a first-hand impression of the best method of running busses from his journeyings through the streets of the British capital. He has traveled in a gilded coach or two, met reception committees in pajamas, and undoubtedly given to our British cousins a most satisfying confirmation of their ideas of an American mayor. His wise cracks on solemn occasions gave them much food for comment and his sartorial adornments brightened many important gatherings.

He is a genial soul, and we have no doubt that the British and the Irish found him quick-witted and likable even if not impressive according to Old World standards. Even though he appears to have established a transatlantic record for being late to his appointments (a Belfast paper has suggested a revision of the title of the Mayor's own most popular lyric to read "I'll Meet You in December if You Arrange for May"), he's on his vacation and the world should not be too captious. After all, the old Tammany could have sent across the Atlantic many other sons of the old sod who would have been less a credit to New York than its present Mayor.

Possibly Croker and Murphy may have had abler minds than Jimmie Walker, but neither of them was so light on his feet.

And in Return for the Mayor—

AMERICAN men are awful. So thirty girls of the staff of Harrod's stores in London, who recently returned home from a visit to the United States, have found, and it must be true.

For their sisters on this side of the water the English shopgirls—salesladies, rather—felt a generous admiration. American girls, they reported, have prettier figures and nicer-shaped legs and feet than their English kin, and more and better-fitting frocks. And they have as much confidence at fourteen as an English girl can hope to muster at twenty. But the men who are allowed to pay the taxi fares of these beauties, who have followed their consistent conquest of every touring English novelist and lecturer by captivating even the shopgirls—the men are deplorable. Listen to these fair—or unfair—critics:

"The men are terribly dressed. Their tailoring is disgusting. . . . There was no fit about their clothes at all.

"We went to a dance at a country club, and, to our horror, the men took off their coats and danced in their shirt-sleeves. We were so startled that we nearly walked out.

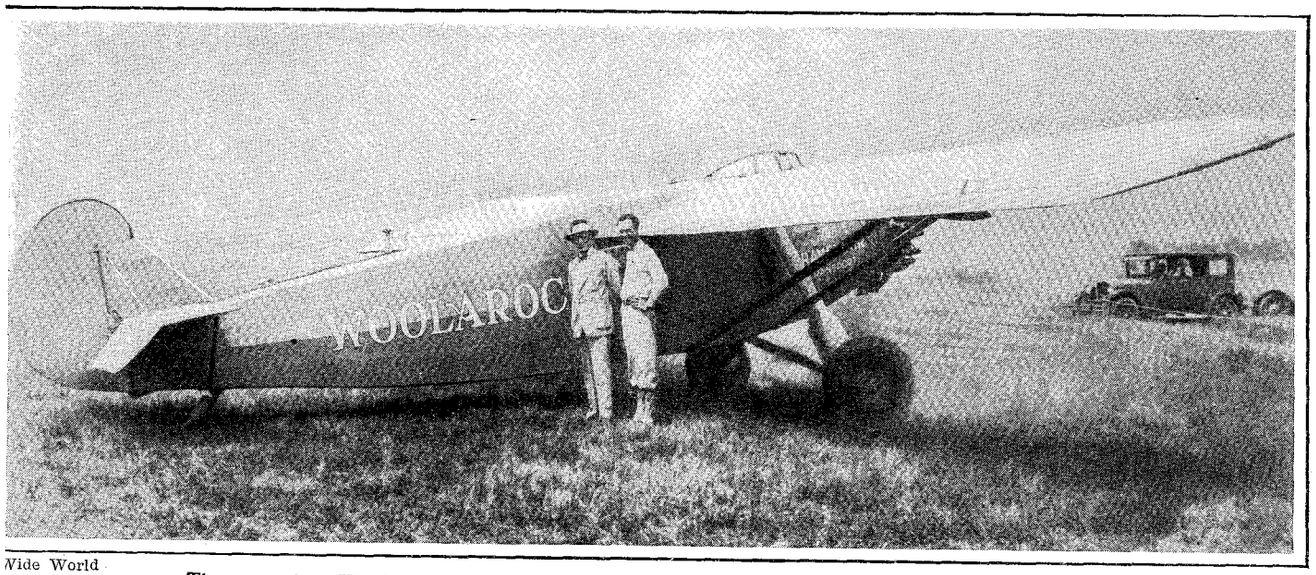
"Our men, at any rate, beat the Americans all hollow."

The only hope of consolation for American manhood, apparently, is to send thirty girls from Wanamaker's over to London and arrange to have them dance at a week-end party with Englishmen who wear monocles and carry their handkerchiefs in their coat-sleeves—and then print what they say.

Costly Adventuring

ALTHOUGH the goal set by the Dole prize has been achieved—in the sense that two airplanes have made the perilous passage from the American mainland to Hawaii—the cost has clearly been out of all proportion to anything that has been gained by it. Since the prize money of $35,000 was first put up, a few weeks ago, the toll taken by the enterprise has been appalling. Three aviators were killed before ever a start was made, two planes wrecked, one badly damaged, and another burned to a mass of twisted wire and bolts. A well-informed Californian declares in a letter to The Outlook that the winners, Goebel and Jensen, were really the only two of those that got away whose record justified a reasonable degree of success. A newspaper writer says: "One gasps to learn that Mr. Jensen, the second-prize winner, had originally intended to fly without a navigator, although he himself knew nothing of navigation, and did actually depart with a hastily patched fuel feed that nearly cost him his life."

The tragedy of the race itself was



Wide World

The monoplane Woolaroc, winner and one of the two survivors of the contest for the Dole prize

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overwhelming. Up to August 23 seven of the contestants (including Miss Doran, a passenger, and Captain Erwin and his navigator, Eichwaldt, the latter two lost in their search for the others) were missing. There was then a slight possibility that there might still be news of rescues, but a far greater probability that all have disappeared forever as did Nungesser and Coli. The search had been carried on for several days by forty naval vessels and the sea was scanned constantly by other ships in those waters. In the opinion of many critics, the event proves the unsuitability of all but seaplanes for such a venture. Ernest Smith, for instance, the first civilian to fly a plane from the mainland to Hawaii, said of the Dole race, "It is stunt flying, and not practical with airplanes."

The very sensationalism of the air-race event, however, aroused the most unparalleled interest along the whole Pacific coast. A staff correspondent of The Outlook, writing from San Francisco, says that for hours before the start was scheduled to be made the hills behind Oakland and Berkeley, as well as all the vantage-points in San Francisco, were occupied by expectant crowds. Tens of thousands of people listened to vivid descriptions of the great event sent out over the radio; while reporters circling round in special airplanes telephoned by wireless the story as they saw it to their respective newspapers.

What can be done to repress recklessness in the air? That something must be done is shown by the general demand of the press. It is stated that the Division of Aeronautics of the Department of Commerce protested against the race and asked that steps be taken to make it safer, and that it urged radical changes in the plan. But it appears that there was no compulsory authority behind this protest. It seems obvious that such authority should be established somewhere by Congress. Admiral Eberle, since the flight for Hawaii has proved so disastrous, is quoted as predicting that Congress will pass a law to prohibit long-distance airplane flights except under rigid regulations. He opposes the use of land planes for sea flights.

Beyond question courage even to audacity, zeal to accomplish that which man has never done, passion for adventure and discovery—all are part of the American spirit. Such boldness leads to knowledge and power. Yet it must not be allowed to peril uselessly human life or to degenerate into reckless dashes for prizes and newspaper sensationalism. We learn by disaster; we must not discourage the taking of risks when great things are to be done; but we must enforce precaution against the wagering of life wildly or ignorantly.

Murder on the High Seas

As one read the accounts of the trial of the mulatto cook Battice for the murder of his wife on the high seas one seemed to be back in the days of

Acme

Miss Mildred Doran, a sacrifice to adventure

Clark Russell's "Wreck of the Grosvenor." The Kingsway is an American sailing vessel (a four-masted schooner) with a Yankee skipper. Her eventful voyage from New York to the African Gold Coast and back took eight months. Murder, hatred, and jealousy made the vessel a living hell. Battice accused his wife of infidelity; she accused him of wanting to get rid of her because of a girl in Porto Rico, and left a scrawl saying that he had encouraged the engineer, Badke, to become his wife's lover. The captain said that Badke was "not a man you could control, any way, shape, or manner unless you killed him," and that he was afraid to put Badke in irons for fear of mutiny. The cook, on the stand, declared he cut his wife to discipline but not to kill her. The captain, after the cook had cut the wife's throat with a razor, nursed her for seven days and then "she was buried at sea at sunset."

A more sordid, brutal, dangerous state of things never existed in one small vessel. Her reputation reached ports of call, which refused to allow the crew to land. She was accursed aboard and ashore.

Acting under their statutory privilege the jury found Battice guilty of murder in the second degree, and he received a sentence of ten years only. There will be no long series of appeals here. Counsel must have been glad to get their client off so easily.

The trial, of course, was before a Federal court, as the crime was committed on the high seas. The records of Federal courts of trials for mutiny, "barratry," smuggling, assault, and murder might furnish material for countless romances of the Jack London type, but few of them would be more replete with the dark stains of sin and bloodshed than this.

Recompense for Injury Incurred in Public Duty

A BOMB shattered the other day the home of Lewis McHardy, who had served on the jury that convicted Sacco and Vanzetti. It was obviously set by some one who sympathized with the two men who were about to be executed. It fortunately caused but slight injuries to Mr. McHardy and his family; but it destroyed his house, the fruit of years of savings, and was a terrific shock to him and his household. This was in retaliation for his service to the State and his performance of duty. For a soldier who suffers on the field of battle or for his dependents the Government provides compensation; but for this man who suffered for civic service to the State there was no compensation provided. In order to make some recompense the State will have to enact a special law.

Two days before this explosion John Golden, driving his own car in New York, was suddenly halted by a large roadster that crossed in front of him. Almost immediately a police officer jumped on the running-board of Mr. Golden's car and commanded him to follow the roadster. In the pursuit Mr. Golden was shot by the driver of the fugitive car and was killed. He was not even a resident of the State; but in the performance of the duty of an American citizen to aid the police he lost his life. Again it is to be recorded that neither the State nor the city had any provision by law to make recompense for injury or death incurred in its service. In this instance the authorities of New York City have voted compensation for the family of the martyr to duty, and have authorized similar payments in the future.

Every State has the right to command the services of its citizens for the preservation of its institutions in peace as well as in war; but it should see that in return for such service citizens should

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When they are catched

(Love's Labor's Lost, Act V, Scene 2)

Morris in the Los Angeles Times

Protected by George Matthew Adams

Needed—stronger measures

From Mrs. Ella S. Reily, San Diego, Cal.

Thiele for the Central Press Association

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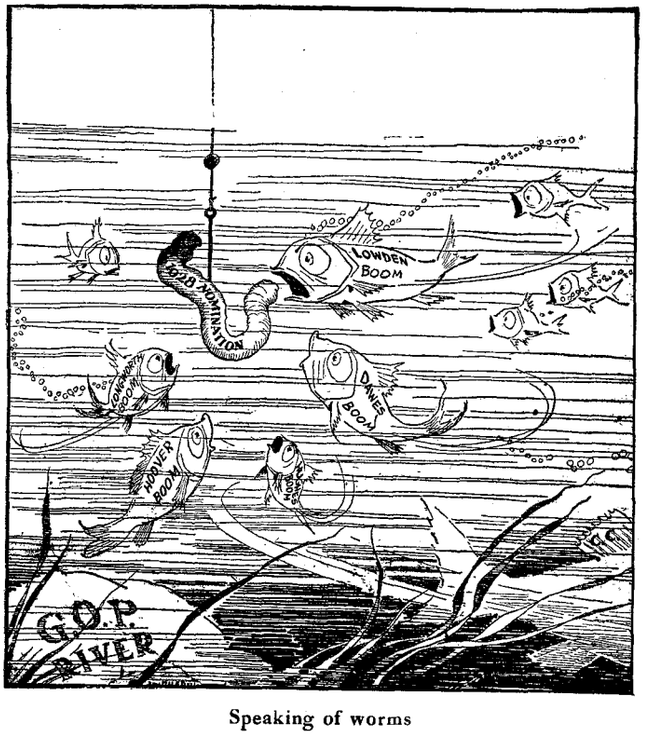
—But, no cotton

Chapin in the Philadelphia Public Ledger



Speaking of worms

From Gertrude L. Snyder, Coatesville, Pa.

Knott for the Dallas News

Got a good landing place ready

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Underwood & Underwood

Chief Leading Eagle, the Indians' Great Father

be freed from at least the fear of destitution for their dependents.

What Is "Dry Ice"?

WHEN some one makes a lot of money from a simple invention, one asks one's self, "Now why didn't I see the possibilities of that thing myself?" About fifteen years ago students saw a professor conduct an experiment before a physics class. Into a peculiar double-shelled vessel he emptied carbon-dioxide snow—white, clean, fluffy. The vessel was a Dewar flask. Its double walls contained nothing—a vacuum. That was its secret, the carbon-dioxide snow would not soon melt. Air, as every one knows, is a poor conductor of heat. Nothing is still better. The snow was said to be about 100 degrees below zero. An interesting experiment. Well—what of it?

Somebody with practical brains saw possibilities in the Dewar flask, which had already been used by scientists for several previous decades, and the "thermos bottle" was the outcome. Now the carbon dioxide that was kept frozen in the Dewar flask is making more money for some other hard-headed man who doubtless saw that experiment. It, too, has gone into business—"dry ice."

Dry ice may be a trade name. But so is Ford—yet we don't hesitate to mention it in editorial comment. Some commercial products burrow their way into the warp and woof of modern life. Kodak is an example. Dry ice has already become a valuable refrigerant, and the reason is that its temperature stands some 112° below zero. Pound for pound it refrigerates fifteen times as much as common frozen water, and when it disappears it goes directly from a solid into a non-poisonous, inert gas, leaving not a sign of moisture. Think of being able to lay a piece of ice on a choice bedspread or tablecloth, allow it to vanish, and find no sign that it was ever there! That is the kind of ice we get when we freeze carbon dioxide, and the reasons given account for the fact that it is attracting considerable attention. With dry ice you can transport a car of fish in summer without the costly necessity of re-icing the car at frequent intervals. You can ship ice-cream from New York to Cuba, and that is just what is now being done in immense quantities. You can put a small piece in the bottom of a cylindrical cardboard container of ice-cream and take it with you on a picnic and it will stay solid through all of a hot day.

A couple of years ago we saw such containers in ice-cream store windows. To most of us it then seemed a stunt. The stunt has spread into industry and is still spreading. Ice manufacturers are sitting up to take notice, for, though dry ice costs ten times what wet ice costs, it refrigerates fifteen times as much. The stunt of the store window and the entertaining experiment of the professor of physics have gone to work in earnest.

The President and His Indian Fellow-Citizens

IN his talk to a great gathering of Indians in South Dakota President Coolidge did not quite say, as commonly reported, that the Indian should be allowed to live his own life. He pointed out that many thousands of Indians have adjusted themselves to the new conditions—half of the Indians on that, the largest reservation in the country, are now voters—but that others of them cling to the old ways, and added, "They wish to live and die according to the traditional ways of the Indians, and they should be permitted to do so."

The impressive sight of ten thousand Sioux, some of them in ceremonial Indian costume, a few of them warriors who had taken part in the Battle of the Wounded Knee fought thirty-seven years ago on the ground where the tribes welcomed their Great Father, emphasized the fact that the Indian question has become a matter of lawmaking, and not of fighting. When, two years ago, the Indian Citizenship Act made all native-born Indians American citizens, as Mr. Coolidge stated, two-thirds of them had already acquired citizenship under previous legislation. There is still much to be done before they become in any full sense assimilated. The progress in doing away with the reservation system, which is logically inconsistent with independent citizenship, is necessarily slow. The Indian must be protected, not now against the seizing of his hunting-grounds and the breaking of treaties, but against his own ignorance, against the riches which have in some

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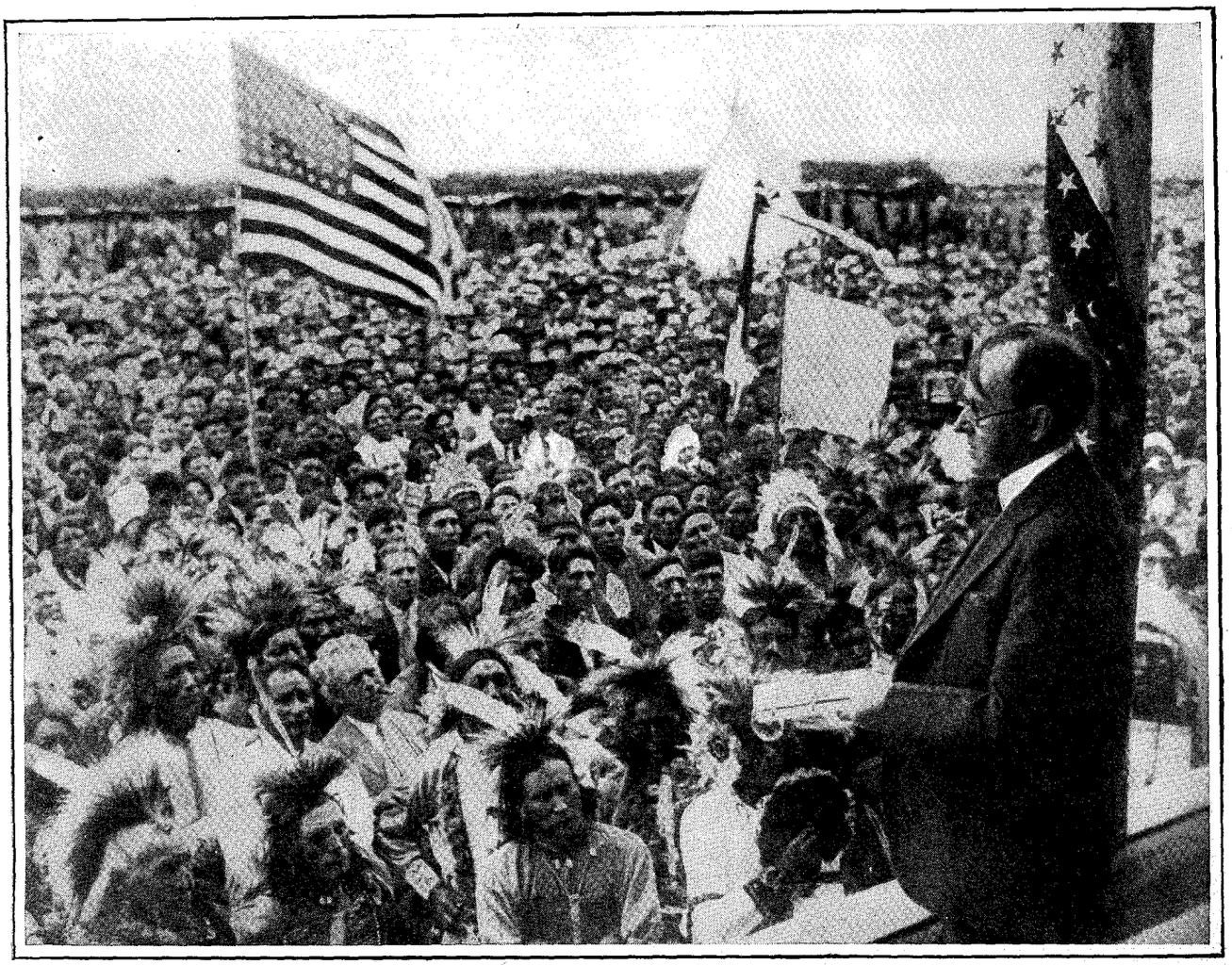

Acme

President Coolidge addresses the Sioux

places fallen suddenly into his ownership, as in the Oklahoma oil territory, and against the unscrupulous greed of some white man. Here is the story of Jackson Barnett, the rich Creek Indian, as told by Federal Judge Knox in his decision last week that Barnett was incompetent and his gifts to an ambitious widow who "grabbed and married" him and to a home-mission school ($550,000 to each, deserving and undeserving alike) were void:

> Solicited and importuned for donations, to which he readily affixed his thumb-prints for most any one who asked it; kidnapped and married by an adventuress; harassed and annoyed by his attorneys and their allies, who enlisted support of officials of the Government and who were probably convinced of the justification of their subsequent action, he was finally induced to part with Liberty Bonds in the vast sum of $1,100,000.

An extreme case perhaps, yet a typical case. So long as such things are possible, we must not withdraw some form of protection and the maintenance by special supervision of education, civil advancement, and justice. There is much in Indian art, legend, and even character that may well be preserved as an American asset, but to all this must be added self-reliance and worldly intelligence.

Hunting a New Chestnut

MR. R. KENT BEATTIE, senior pathologist of the Bureau of Plant Industry, United States Department of Agriculture, is in Japan on a two-year assignment to discover a chestnut tree that will withstand the chestnut blight which has devastated American forests. This blight, originally from Japan, is credited with making its start in Bronx Park, New York. It became virulent in 1904, and has just about completed the extinction of the noble tree in the United States, where the chestnut had a range from Maine to Georgia. The disease is a canker which destroys tissues and girdles the trunk as if an ax had been employed. The fungus is carried by birds and insects, who deposit it in holes or crevices in the bark, whence it spreads to the inner lining and kills the tree. There is a small Japanese tree which is immune, but, while it produces nuts, it would not replace the American variety as a source of timber supply. Mr. Beattie wants to find a tree that will withstand the disease and supply both nuts and wood. He figures the loss on chestnut timber already destroyed at $100,000,000.

Canada Gets a Bumper Crop

PROSPERITY continues in Canada. Although taxation has been reduced, revenues are increasing. The Hon. James A. Robb, the Dominion Minister of Finance, reports a reduction in the net public debt of more than $40,000,000 during the fiscal year ended March 31, 1927. The most significant news from Canada, however, is that a bumper crop is now being harvested on the western prairies.

Wheat is the chief product of the Canadian plains. A recent forecast made by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics sets the wheat yield for this year at 357,367,000 bushels; but this is looked upon by the grain trade and others as an extremely conservative estimate. It is pointed out that the forecasts of the Statistics Department are always considerably on the low side. At the same period in the crop season of last year the

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Keystone

Britain's prehistoric monument, menaced by tawdry modernity

Bureau's estimate was 316,960,000 bushels. Competent observers assert that this year's prediction will be found to err even more greatly on the low side.

The last great crop year in Canada was 1915. The present season is the first since that year when conditions have looked so favorable for an extremely heavy crop. Drought is the chief enemy of the prairie grain grower. Frost, rust, and hail come next. Frost, when it does strike, affects comparatively large areas, but so far frost losses have been negligible; hail and rust are regional and sporadic and do not affect the crop as a whole; but drought, when it prevails, is usually widespread.

This season has been one of the wettest in the history of the Canadian west. In some sections of southern Saskatchewan and Manitoba floods and waterlogged lands prevented seeding operations to such an extent that the acreage in crop was considerably curtailed. On the other hand, the bountiful rains falling on the fairly extensive regions that in normal years are inclined to be dry have resulted in a growth, and consequent promise of a yield that more than counteracts the loss from excessive moisture in other parts.

Geographically, Canada is a huge country; but it has a sparse population. Naturally, an extensive "plant" is required to operate such a large country successfully. Thus Canada has more railways per capita than any other country in the world, with other public utilities in similar proportions. The Dominion's comparatively few people must make capital expenditures with an eye to future millions. It is a big task; nevertheless some indication of the success with which they are meeting may be gleaned from the fact that Canada is now doing a foreign trade equal to that done by the United States when it had a population five times the present population of Canada. The comparison, while not quite fair, is at least interesting.

Should actual harvest returns justify the early promise of a bumper crop, the effect will undoubtedly be reflected on this side of the line. A large portion of the Canadian wheat crop is marketed through United States ports. But most important of all is the fact that Canada is rapidly becoming our best customer and Canadian prosperity cannot help being beneficial to this country.

France and Germany in a Trade Accord

THE hope of ending the historic enmity between France and Germany advanced a long step with the signing on August 17 of a treaty of commerce establishing for a large majority of products the principle of "most favored nation" treatment.

A provisional commercial agreement between them, which was negotiated last year, expired in June. The final treaty which replaces it has been under discussion for months; but the hard bargaining that resulted in it apparently has brought satisfaction to both sides. The new treaty gives each country minimum customs rates in export and import of all but two exempted classes of goods —clothing and food. Incidentally, it may affect American trade relations with France. In several hundred categories new tariff duties are fixed which may be applied adversely to American goods now enjoying lower rates when the Franco-American commercial treaty comes up soon for reconsideration. In other classes, such as machinery, electrical goods, and chemicals, German manufactures now enjoy more favorable treatment than American.

One effect of the new treaty should be to make it easier for Germany to carry out the conditions of the reparations agreement. It should also give her an incentive to do so in order to establish her position in French markets, for it undoubtedly will facilitate "payments in kind" or goods as against payments in cash. At the Williamstown Institute of Politics, Dr. Reinhold, formerly German Minister of Finance, in spite of his faith in Germany's will to work and her ability to meet the strain in her finances, has been arguing that Germany will have almost insuperable difficulty in reaching and keeping up the schedule of full payments that will go into force in 1928. But the steady growth of German trade with France and this new commercial agreement will incline America and the Allies to agree with Agent-General Gilbert's belief that she can settle the bill if she wants to.

But the deeper meaning of the accord is the guaranty it offers for peace in Europe. With the two major antagonists of the Continent finding their interests increasingly in common, the danger of conflicts on a large scale is made much more remote. The situation in western Europe will tend to be accepted and to form the basis of a lasting order. Centers of friction enough exist in eastern Europe, it is true. But with the Great Powers acquiring the habit of working accords, issues concerning the smaller nations are likely to be adjusted quietly.

Cleaning up Stonehenge

STONEHENGE, England's ancient monument of almost prehistoric times, is not in danger of being destroyed—it would take an army of giants to overthrow the monster monoliths—but it is in danger of being vulgarized. The

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up of massive stones is owned by the lion, but it has not been kept free of my-catching shows, tumble-down air- omes, and cattle sheds. It would m that the Government might pre- ve and protect the temple (if it was a aple, as the most plausible of several ories asserts), but it has not done so. Now a protective association has been med. It proposes to buy the land, ar away incongruous and intruding ildings, fence in the great stone circle , to be exact, incomplete concentric cles), and keep the whole in its pris- e dignity, as it has stood since the s of the Druids or Phœnicians who y have worshiped there, or those of primitive men of the Bronze Age, to om some authorities ascribe its erec- n.

Americans who have viewed this ma- ic record of the past might well join the movement to honor antiquity.

ssian Revenge China

RUSSIAN gentleman named Merku- loff and some two thousand exiles m the land of the Soviets appear to e exacted a little satisfaction from ir Bolshevik foes in China. Merku- is adviser to General Chang Tsung- ng, Military Governor of Shantung ovince and one of the leading north- Chinese militarists. Merkuloff and experienced fighters of the old Rus- n army whom he mustered to aid neral Chang seem to have played a ge part in aiding the Shantung forces urn back their Nationalist opponents ancing from South China, trained h the assistance of Michael Borodin l other Soviet advisers. So "Whites" t "Reds" again on Chinese soil, and "Whites" inflicted on their blood mies an indirect defeat.

Merkuloff is now offering to place the vices of ten thousand Russian officers l soldiers at the disposal of the Chi- e militarists. Undoubtedly, there are ny more than that number in refuge e and there about northern China o would be glad of employment as rcenaries in the Chinese armies. But Chinese chieftains themselves are a le fearful of accepting the aid of too ny of them at once. Their influence ght become too great, and so the pol- is to restrict their numbers and keep m scattered.

t is only one of the anomalies of the inese turmoil. One moment the thern Nationalists are united and vic- ious, and their antagonists routed and odds. The next, the Nationalists are it into two factions at Hankow and Nanking, and the northerners are push- ing south again.

General Chiang Kai-shek, the Nation- alist tactician who directed the campaign all the weary way from Canton to the Yangtze, goes into retirement, declaring that he is through with a military ca- reer. Then, from his retreat, he an- nounces that his resignation is tem- porary, and that the time will come when he must again play an active part in the Chinese revolution.

One day Chinese authorities seize the wings of a British airplane that has fallen in flying over Chinese territory outside the foreign concession at Shang- hai. They claim violation of treaty agreements and threaten to press the issue; then the next day they return the wings.

The Guevara Plan for the Philippines

A SIGNIFICANT proposal for a settle- ment of the "Philippine problem" by a joint official conference to consider possible extension of autonomy in the islands was laid before the Institute of Politics at Williamstown by Pedro Guevara, Resident Philippine Commis- sioner.

The Guevara plan, the latest effort to find some way out of the present con- tinued political agitation over the status of the islands, would not have been out- lined at this time, it is believed, without the consent and authority of the Philip- pine leaders who have been demanding "complete and immediate indepen- dence," at whose head is Manuel Que- zon. In the admission that the Filipinos might be satisfied with something short of complete independence, if only they were given a part in drawing up a new plan for administration, leaders of the Institute saw a significant development in the Philippine situation. Nowhere in the speech advocating the joint con- ference did Mr. Guevara refer to "im- mediate and complete independence." His proposal was that "The Congress of the United States and the Philippine Legislature should be authorized by a joint or concurrent resolution to appoint committees to meet jointly for the dis- cussion of the facts and merits under- lying the Philippine problem with a view to recommending a satisfactory solution. The President of the United States must likewise appoint four American citizens, two of them residents in the Philippines, and those so appointed to be members of the joint committee."

In such a plan, declared Mr. Guevara, the Philippine people are prepared to co- operate. There is dissatisfaction with the present system of dual local author- ity. The continued agitation for inde- pendence has prevented the Filipinos from giving proper attention to other problems which must be solved before they attain the degree of good self-gov- ernment which would be essential to in- dependence.

The Filipinos, it was pointed out, would be much more ready to co-operate with the United States under a modifica- tion of the present administrative system if they felt that they had voluntarily agreed to that modification.

Professor Ralston Hayden, of the University of Michigan, who accompa- nied the Carmi Thompson investigating committee in 1925, leader of the Insti- tute round table on the Philippines, be- lieves that Mr. Guevara's proposal is extremely important. It may mean, he pointed out, that the Filipinos are ready to cease their agitation for immediate and complete independence if certain changes in administration could be recommended by the joint conference and carried into effect by Congress and the Philippine Legislature.

"This plan," said Professor Hayden, "in no way brings into question the sov- ereign rights of the United States in the islands. The joint Filipino-American group which would be set up for the con- sideration of the question, although it would have official status and corre- sponding influence, could not bind the American Government by its decisions. The Guevara plan would also offer an excellent opportunity to take the de- cision as to the next step in the Philip- pines, and perhaps the whole question of the fundamentals of American policy there, out of party politics. The inclu- sion of American Democrats and of Filipinos in the commission would create a presumption that the Democratic Party would accept the proposals of the joint body provided that they met with the approval of its Democratic and Fili- pino members. There is nothing which would so redound to the benefit of both the United States and the Philippines as to eliminate the latter as a party issue in this country."

Another point which makes the sug- gestion worthy of serious consideration in Washington is that it does not conflict with the announced Philippine policy of the Administration. President Coolidge declared on March 7, 1924: "I feel in all confidence that in the measure in which it shall be extended the American Government will be disposed to grant in increasing degree the aspirations of your people." The joint conference proposed by Commissioner Guevara would con- sider the possibility of extending further

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autonomy as the next step in the announced American program.

A Trial of the Law

WITH the execution of the convicted murderer a murder case normally comes to an end. As a matter of law the case against Sacco and Vanzetti, convicted in July, 1921, of the murder of the paymaster and guard of a factory at South Braintree, Massachusetts, on April 15, 1920, ended with their execution early in the morning of August 23, 1927. But as a force in human life the case of these two Italians will continue for a long time to come.

In the first place, it will still continue to stir the emotions of countless numbers of people throughout the world. It will, of course, become a symbol of martyrdom to those who, whether Communists or Anarchists, are enemies of any existing order of society. Anarchists and Communists and other so-called Radicals found common agreement in accepting these two men as symbols of their hostility to the social order. And now that these two men have forfeited their lives for the crime of which they were convicted they will find places in the pantheon of social revolution. With those who worship there it is useless to argue. They rest their cause, not on reason, but on revolution as an object of faith. There are many others, however, whose emotions have been stirred by this case because of their humanitarian interests. Some of these may think of the two executed men as many to-day think of John Brown—fanatics, perhaps, but victims of a callous and unimaginative social and legal system. Such as these cannot find their emotions easily restored to the normal state. Especially will this be true if they have fed their emotions without being able to direct these emotions to a useful end. There are still others, by no means emotionally unstable, who have heard so much of the case for the defendants that they will still nurse doubts as to their guilt. To these it may be worth while to say that if any mistake has been made it is such as is inevitable in all that is human. No system of justice is infallible. What is essential in judicial proceedings is, not that it should avoid all error, desirable as that is, but that it should be directed to the end of securing and maintaining justice. These two men were not hounded to death. They had at their disposal all the means which generations of a liberty-loving people have developed for the protection of the innocent. They had at their service able counsel. They were allowed to appeal to many judges, even up to the highest court of the land. For seven years they were allowed to employ these means of defense. They even had the benefit of a hearing of their case by men totally disinterested outside of the court. The very same system of judicature of which they and their counsel availed themselves has served to safeguard the rights of many thousands of others similarly accused. To liken this case to a political assassination or execution under the guise of law is to disregard wholly the most obvious facts in the case. We doubt whether in any other country in the world this case can be paralleled for the number and extent of the legal measures employed to safeguard the rights of the accused.

In the second place, the Sacco-Vanzetti case will continue to be a source of criticism of the defects of Massachusetts' legal procedure. Although that great Commonwealth has reason for pride in its courts and its judges, it has no reason to believe that its judicial system may not be capable of improvement. There are two particulars in which the Sacco-Vanzetti case may have shown that system to be defective. In the first place, it may be defective in not providing sufficiently for a judicial review of the evidence with reference to its competency. The fact that the evidence was thus reviewed by an unprejudiced commission and was found to be conclusive does not alter the fact that such a review of the evidence was not provided for in the law. It may be well for the General Court of the Commonwealth to consider the passage of legislation to authorize such review of the evidence. Another defect may be in the lack of provision for submitting any question of the prejudice of the trial judge to the consideration of some other judge. This defect was remedied in this case likewise by the submission of that very question to an independent commission untrammeled even by questions of technicality. But, though practically remedied in this instance, this defect should be considered by the State's legislators.

In the third place, the Sacco-Vanzetti case will remain as a blot upon the whole profession of the law in America because it records more dramatically than any other case the sin of the legal profession —both bench and bar—in countenancing intolerable delay. Undoubtedly, our laws are to a great degree responsible for such delay; but for the laws themselves, and for the habits which they incorporate in the statute-books, the American legal profession itself is mainly responsible. In this respect some of our States have better records than others; but we doubt whether any State in the Un can match the promptness and efficie of the courts of England. Until pul opinion effectively insists that the pr tice of the law be weeded of its ti consuming technicalities and those v practice the law be cured of their position to postpone and procrastin the Sacco-Vanzetti case will remai scandal and reproach, and afterward will serve as a reminder of the day w Justice wore leaden heels.

An Irishman Fails to Vo

WHEN John Jinks strolled of the Irish Parliament the night of August 16, saved the Government of the Irish F State.

The debate in the Dail Eireann, lower chamber of Parliament, was o motion of no confidence in the Cab of President Cosgrave. This is the M istry representing the party that ne tiated the peace treaty with Great B ain and ever since has ruled South land. Eamonn de Valera, the one-t leader of the republican extremists Sinn Fein, had brought his follower the newly organized Fianna Fail Parliament in the hope of turning the Government. His is a faction of more moderate republicans, who deci to take the oath of allegiance to Constitution and the King "as a mality" in order to get into the D Their intention to play politics aga the Free State Government, once was made evident by a combination v the Labor Party.

Tom Johnson, the English-born lea of the Labor Party, proposed the mo of no confidence in the Governm Captain Redmond, chief of the sr National League delegation, announ that his group would support the Valera and Johnson factions. Toget the three sets of opponents had 72 v —just enough to outvote the Gov ment Party and its smaller suppor and to unseat the Ministry. The deb was tense, for the future of the pe treaty and the Free State was in do But during one of the speeches J Jinks, of the National League, wal out. So when the roll was called th were 71 votes against the Governm and 71 votes for it. The Speaker of Dail decided the tie by voting for Government. The chamber at once journed until October 11, giving Government security for two mon During that time there will be sev parliamentary by-elections which m change the situation in its favor.

Naturally, it was rumored that J

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inks had been in some manner "spirited way" to save the Government. All the ossible jokes about "High Jinks in the rish Parliament" and "the jinx of the rish republicans" were made by edi-orial writers and other persons able to scape responsibility. But when John inks turned up as usual the next morn-ıg, he explained that he had seen how ıings were going, changed his mind bout voting against the Government, nd just slipped out of the chamber. ınd so home and to bed, it may be sup-osed—having failed to record the most ecisive vote that any Irishman ever did ot cast.

Jewish Rights—and Duties

A CONFERENCE on Jewish rights has been in session at Zurich, Switzerland. According) the Jewish Telegraphic Agency, from hich a despatch has been printed in the ew York "Times," a resolution, intro-uced by a deputy from Warsaw on be-alf of the Committee on National ights, makes sweeping demands for the ection of states within states. We uote from this despatch:

The resolution formulates the de-mand for internal autonomy of the Jewish communities in countries where large Jewish masses dwell. It urges that the organs of the Jewish commu-nities be recognized by the respective governments as legal bodies created through election for the purpose of administering the internal affairs of the community; that the rights of Hebrew and Yiddish be recognized by the states and that the governments allocate a proportionate amount of the state school funds for the Jewish schools.

Jews frequently complain that they re treated as intruders, made to feel nwelcome. But those whose views are xpressed in this resolution evidently do ot wish to take pot-luck with the rest f us. Their attitude is explicable, but also explains the attitude of others. ne of the wisest pieces of advice Presi-ent Eliot, of Harvard, ever gave was ıat which was elicited by a young Jew-h undergraduate who asked why Jews ere unpopular in college. President liot, in reply, advised all Jewish under-raduates to take part in college ath-tics and to join the militia.

These Jews in Zurich isolate them-elves and insist that their isolation be ecognized. There is no sign there of ny recognition on their part that they ave duties to their neighbors, to the ommunity, to the state. There will be-in to cease to be a Jewish problem when, instead of Jewish conferences on Jewish rights, we have Jewish confer-ences on Jewish duties.

Surplusaires

JOHN SMITH looks up from the wheel of his flivver as he hears an imperious horn at his rear. He edges to the side of the road and watches the long snout of a Rolls-Royce swing into his line of vision and then disappear down the highway. "There goes Mr. Smythe-Smythe," John Smith says to his wife. "Well, I don't envy him. Wealth doesn't bring happiness."

So far as our observation goes, there are only two misstatements in Mr. Smith's remark: (1) He knows very well that he would like to be behind the wheel of the Rolls-Royce. (2) Wealth does bring happiness.

All of which sounds frightfully materialistic until we start to look to our definitions.

What is wealth, anyway, except a matter of surplus above requirements? What is luxury provided by wealth except a margin beyond what we are accustomed to?

Mr. Smythe-Smythe derives no special satisfaction from the possession of his Rolls-Royce. It is as much a part of his customary routine as Mr. Smith's flivver is of his. He might feel lost without it, but so would Mr. Smith if the sheriff should gather in his perambulating assortment of squeaks and knocks. Mr. Smith having attained to a flivver and Mr. Smythe-Smythe to a Rolls-Royce, they both start from taw in their hunt for the sensation of being luxurious.

After all, luxury and wealth, so far as the attainment of that object which according to our Constitution we are all generously granted an equal right to pursue is concerned, is a matter of relative unimportance beyond the bare requirements of a roof and three meals a day. Wealth is a matter of disposition rather than possession.

Possibly in time we may speak no longer of millionaires, but reserve our accents of awe for our surplusaires—those whose possessions are beyond their actual needs.

In that day Mrs. Smythe-Smythe, when her Rolls-Royce passes Mr. Smith's flivver on the road, may turn to her husband and say: "I wish, my dear, that you and I were more successful socially. You know, we've lived here for ten years and Mrs. Smith has never called on us." "We'll have to do the best we can with what we have," Mr. Smythe-Smythe will reply, passing a troubled hand over his anxious brow. "Mr. Smith is one of our biggest surplusaires. He has twice as much as he needs, while you and I are struggling to make ends meet on $100,000 a year. I suppose as long as the world exists we'll never get away from these terrible social inequalities."

The Puzzles of Political Biography

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT
Contributing Editor of The Outlook

THE difficulty which a fair-minded jury has in sifting the evidence of credible but conflicting witnesses is slight compared with that which confronts the reader of political biography who wishes to form an intelligent and impartial opinion of the great personages of history. It is easy enough to accept somebody else's assertions in eulogy or condemnation, but, after threading one's way through a maze of contradictory testimony, to arrive at one's own judgment of the essential character of a famous man is not so easy. Was Napoleon, for instance, a mere political parvenu, an incarnate devil of unscrupulous ambition and selfishness, as the English thought him when they exiled him to St. Helena? Or was he, in spite of admitted vices and even crimes, "one who more than any other man has influenced the destinies of the world," as Fournier, the Austrian historian, pronounced him?

The English historian Froude said that he "seriously believed" Henry VIII to be one of the noblest princes of England, and the moralist Carlyle, with his customary cynicism, told Sir Charles Gavan Duffy that "Henry, when one came to consider the circumstances he had to deal with, would be seen to be one of the best kings that England had ever got . . . ; it was likely that he did not regard himself as doing wrong in any of those things over which modern sentimentality grew so impatient." Yet Huxley compared Henry VIII to Judas Iscariot, Cataline, and Robespierre.

This biographical difficulty confronts us not only in connection with classical heroes like Cyrus, Alexander, Hannibal, or even Nero, and transatlantic rulers like Charles I of England, Philip II of Spain, Metternich, Bismarck, Palmerston, and Disraeli, but involves the reader in perplexity about some of our own statesmen.

The best example of this perplexity in my own experience is found in the politi-

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cal fortunes of James G. Blaine and Grover Cleveland. From 1876 to 1890 Blaine was the idol of a large section of the Republican Party. Accused of dishonorably accepting money for political services—an accusation which he always vehemently denied—he was beaten for the Presidency in 1884 by Cleveland. His supporters called him "the plumed knight" and followed him with a kind of passionate chivalry. His opponents left the Republican Party, formed a body of independents, called "Mugwumps" in derision, and were the dominant factor in Cleveland's election. A young Republican voter, I became a "Mugwump" myself, and so distinctly remember the bitterness of that era. It was not surpassed, I think not equaled, by the bitterness of the "Progressive" campaign between Roosevelt and Taft in 1912, in which the "Progressives" were the political descendants and heirs of the "Mugwumps." At that time Blaine's opponents sincerely believed that he was a representative of the most sordid forces in American politics; his followers, that he was the noblest statesman of his day, a martyr to pharasaism. The general opinion to-day is, I should say, that his worst fault was a lack of a nice sense of scruple and that, like Grant in his second Presidential term, while personally honest, he justly suffered from the taint of a too intimate association with corruptionists. It is certainly true that as Secretary of State he began the *rapprochement* with South and Central America and promulgated the doctrine of "reciprocity," which is the only tenable economic ground for a protective tariff. But it is not likely that his fame will ever reach a higher point in the future than it has reached in the past.

On the contrary, Cleveland's name as an American statesman is growing in luster. A witty critic might retort that this is because it had no brightness at all at first. It is true that Cleveland had none of the qualities of personal magnetism that gave Blaine so loyal a following. He was rugged and uncommunicative. The only quality which friends and foes both admitted that he possessed was uncompromising and blunt honesty. It was that quality which led to his election in 1884, to his defeat in 1888, and to his re-election in 1892. All that his opponents could attack was his manners. And that they did with a vengeance.

Towards the close of Cleveland's first term the "North American Review," a periodical with a long history of high traditions, admitted to its pages a contributor who said that Cleveland "had never uttered a word for his country, nor lifted his hand in her defense higher than a hangman's rope—a man of brutal manners, of stolid instincts, of vulgar associations, a stranger to polite society, a man who, in the language of another, is but a wooden image of dull self-sufficiency and cold stolidity; as incapable of receiving impressions as of returning warmth."

How far this was from expressing the final judgment of Cleveland's countrymen may be inferred from the opinion entertained by Senator Elihu Root, a stalwart political opponent of Cleveland, who in 1923 published the following deliberate opinion:

> He had strong common sense, simplicity and directness without subtlety, instinctive and immovable integrity, perfect courage, a kindly nature with great capacity for friendship, and with great capacity also for wrath, which made him a dangerous man to trifle with. There was nothing visionary or fanatical about him, but he had a natural hatred for fraud and false pretense, and a strong instinct for detecting the essential quality of conduct by the application of old and simple tests of morality. His official judgment was never disturbed by any question about the effect upon his personal fortunes. He had an exceptionally good mind; a still more exceptionally rugged strength of character; altogether a powerful and attractive personality. When the Presidential nominations of 1884 came to be made Grover Cleveland in his various offices had done more of the honest and courageous things which good government requires and which decent people like to have done than any other Democrat. That made him the available candidate to change the current of American politics. His election upon that record practically closed the old era of politics dominated by the past and began the new era of politics looking to the future. The strength and courage of his Administrations as President confirmed the new departure. No thoughtful and patriotic American, to whatever party he may belong and however much his opinions may differ from those of Mr. Cleveland, can read the story of those Administrations without admiration and sympathy, or without a sense of satisfaction that his country can on occasion produce and honor such a man as Grover Cleveland.

When Macaulay's New Zealander, having finished his sketch of the ruins of St. Paul's from a broken arch of London bridge, crosses the Atlantic to investigate the heap of stones that may then mark the site of the Woolworth Tower, and perhaps finds these contr dictory estimates of Cleveland in a vat of the Public Library, overgrown wi moss and weeds, he will be puzzled decide just what were the characteristi of American political civilization in tl dim and primitive nineteenth century.

If the case of Cleveland puzzles hir he will be still more confused by tl story of Andrew Johnson, seventeen President of the United States.

Johnson's history is a romantic on At ten years of age he did not know tl alphabet. He learned to write and do simple figuring in arithmetic after h marriage, his young wife being h teacher. A journeyman tailor, he b came by successive stages a State legi lator, member of Congress, Governor his State, United States Senator, ar Vice-President in Lincoln's second ter As President, following Lincoln's assa sination, he was impeached because his headstrong quarrel with the Sena over reconstruction—a quarrel in whic the best historians now regard him having been right in theory, althoug offensive in practice. On his impeac ment many of his official colleagues ar thousands of plain citizens regarded hi as a traitor. A famous Methodist bisho in a public address which was widel applauded called him "a drunken in becile." Yet a trustworthy member his Cabinet, who had served previous under Lincoln and later under Arthu said this of him:

> It is not often that kindly mentior is made of him upon the platform or in the press. Among those who have filled high places with ability, or rendered distinguished services to their country, his name is rarely classed; and yet when the history of the great events with which he was connected has been faithfully written, there will appear few names entitled to greater honor and respect than that of Andrew Johnson.

The man who made that strong state ment, written some twenty years afte the impeachment, was Hugh McCulloch one of the wisest, ablest, and most pa triotic in the list of Secretaries of th Treasury, a list at one end of whic stands the name of Alexander Hamilto and at the other the name of Andrew Mellon. That Mr. McCulloch was abl "to tell a good man when he saw him, which, according to William James, i one of the highest tests of wisdom, ap pears in his estimate of Abraham Lin coln, under whom he served: "I neve think of the manner in which Mr. Lin coln performed the most difficult an responsible duties that ever devolve

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upon mortal man; of the enormous labors which he performed; of his faith in the right, his constancy, his hopefulness, his sagacity, and his patience under unmerited and bitter criticism, without feelings akin to reverence."

It is curious that the feelings of Mr. McCulloch—whose reminiscences, by the way, entitled "Men and Measures of Half a Century" are among the most readable and enlightening of the Civil War period—should have been as lukewarm about General Grant as they were ardent about Lincoln. Grant he praises for "indomitable resolution, perfect self-possession, dauntless courage," but this is not enough to "entitle him to a place by the side of the great captains of the world." McCulloch pays a tribute to Grant's conduct as "a true soldier and a gentleman" towards General Lee at Appomattox, but thinks that Lee was finally beaten by the power of men, money, and munitions, and not by superior military genius.

This is the view of some British military critics, but not of all. Captain Charles Francis Atkinson, a British scholar and soldier, author of a technical study of the great Battles of the Wilderness and Cold Harbor, wrote for the Eleventh Edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica the article on Grant's military career. He concludes it by saying:

> Grant . . . was universally regarded as the savior of the Union. A careful study of the history of the war thoroughly bears out the popular view. There were soldiers more accomplished, . . . but it would be difficult to prove that these generals, or indeed any others in the service, could have accomplished the task which Grant brought to complete success. . . . If in technical finesse he was surpassed by many of his predecessors and his subordinates, he had the most important qualities of a great captain, courage that rose higher with each obstacle, and clear judgment to distinguish the essential from the minor issues in war.

The greatest solvent of biographical difficulties is good autobiography. A hundred critical essays will not reveal the qualities and powers, mental and moral, of Benvenuto Cellini as well as his own account of his acts and thoughts. Nobody can tell perspicacious readers anything about Samuel Pepys which he does not tell them himself. Fortunately, in the case of Grant we have such an autobiography, a work of as simple but assured genius as Boswell's Life of Johnson. Two simple passages in it—*obiter dicta,* as it were—are worth remembering when any question of Grant's intellect and wit arises.

First: During the siege of Vicksburg Grant repeatedly urged Rosecrans to move against Bragg at Murfreesboro. Rosecrans, says Grant, "had constantly failed to comply with the order" on the ground "that it was a military maxim 'not to fight two decisive battles at the same time.' If true the maxim was not applicable in this case. It would be bad to be defeated in two decisive battles on the same day, but it would not be bad to win them."

Second: Before the battle of Chattanooga Grant relates that Bragg was weakened because Jefferson Davis sent Longstreet to attack Knoxville. "It was known," he writes, "that Mr. Jefferson Davis had visited Bragg on Missionary Ridge a short time before my reaching Chattanooga. It was reported and believed that he had come out to reconcile a serious difference between Bragg and Longstreet, and finding this difficult to do, planned the campaign against Knoxville, to be conducted by the latter general. . . . It may be that Longstreet was not sent to Knoxville for the reason stated, but because Mr. Davis had an exalted opinion of his own military genius and thought he saw a chance of 'killing two birds with one stone.' On several occasions during the war he came to the relief of the Union army by means of his superior military genius."

I have just finished re-reading Grant's "Memoirs"—a fascinating book to the student of biography even if, like myself, he knows nothing of military strategy. It is difficult to see how any fair-minded man can read it and not agree with Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson that it is "a book better worth reading than any military autobiography since Cæsar's Commentaries," or with John Fiske that its author, "in spite of some shortcomings, was a massive, noble, and lovable personality, well fit to be remembered as one of the heroes of a great nation."

Such are some of the puzzles in the great volume of biographical writings. There are no answers to them in the back of the book. Each reader, clearing his mind of cant and prejudice, must study and answer them for himself.

Unity and Uniformity

By Elbert Francis Baldwin

The Outlook's Editor in Europe

IN the little village where I live, when fortunate enough to be in America, there is one very flourishing Roman Catholic church. There are also Baptist, Christian Scientist, Episcopal, Methodist, and Presbyterian churches. If these five latter were united, their congregation would make a very good one; their Sunday schools ought to be united, anyway.

Why so many divergences among Christians? And especially among those not Roman Catholic? Perhaps it is because the attention of some men is fastened upon a visible Church, upon an actuality, while the attention of other men is fastened upon an ideal, an invisible Church. At all events, there you are—a great Christian life split up in its expression and a consequent feeling that the expression of a common life would have a proportionate impact.

These thoughts have been for many ages in men's minds, and there has been, happily, an increasing movement to call on Christian people to confess penitence because of church disunion and to make some kind of effort toward greater unity. Mind, I do *not* say uniformity.

OF late certain conferences toward this end have attracted merited attention—in New York, at Stockholm, at Winchester, and now right here in this pleasant Lausanne—just the place for a conference; for the site of Lausanne is inspiring, on the shore of Lake Léman and commanding a glorious view of the Savoyard Alps. Lausanne is ready for the several hundred delegates here, for there seem to be more hotels and pensions in proportion to the size of the place than any other town I know, and, what is more, there seem to be hotels and pensions for every purse.

This is, of course, not the first conference of Lausanne. A dozen years ago the Italians and Turks conferred here and agreed upon a treaty settlement of the Tripolitan War. Again, in 1922–3, I spent three months here listening to the arguments which led up to the better-known Treaty of Lausanne—a treaty which, in its wisdom, our Senate has now

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rejected; a treaty which, in his wisdom, Mr. Grew, our agent at the Conference of Lausanne and now fitly our Ambassador at Constantinople, was a prime mover in framing.

The present Conference is now religious, not political, with Lausanne as background. Breeched Anglican bishops chat amicably with very négligée-looking American Methodist and Baptist brothers and exchange salutations with Eastern prelates who bear both heavy beards and heavy gold-embroidered vestments.

BEHIND every movement stands a man; behind this movement for church unity, thank God, stand many men and of noble minds. The best of it is they come from every religious field of activity. If Cardinal Mercier had not died, I think the Pope would have had a hard time to have kept him away from this Conference, for the Cardinal had already begun a series of church union meetings with Anglo-Catholics, an alarming thought to bigots on both sides.

Of course, it was a great pity that the Roman Catholics could not have been represented, but about every one else is, and by good men, too. One naturally looks, first of all, for that veteran uniter of Protestantism and Romanism, Dr. Charles Gore, formerly Bishop of Oxford and leader of the Anglo-Catholic party in England; happily, we are not disappointed. Turning right about face, there is the Most Rev. Metropolitan Germanos, Ecumenical Patriarch of the Eastern Church, and perhaps the most distinguished of all the leaders on that side.

The Anglican Church is superbly represented by Dr. William Temple, Bishop of Manchester, one of the most attractive figures in the Conference. Then we turn to the Most Rev. Nikolaos, Archbishop of Nubia, in the Patriarchate of Alexandria, also the Right Rev. Polikarpos, Metropolitan of Trikhala, Greece, and of Dr. Protopresbyter Lazar, Mirkhovič of the Church of Serbia, and other representatives of that Greek Orthodox side, who are well accentuated by Mgr. Balakian, Apostolic Delegate of Etchmiadzin, for the Armenians. Coming closer home, we have Bishop von Raffay of the Hungarian Lutheran Church and Professor Ernesto Costa from the Waldensians and the Right Rev. Archbishop Kanninck of the Old Catholic Church. Still closer home are the Most Rev. Nathan Soderblöm, Archbishop of Upsala in Sweden, perhaps the most eloquent preacher of all the company, and the well-known figures of Professor Choisy of the University of Geneva and Pasteur Keller of Switzerland, while from France are the historic names, nobly borne, of d'Aubigné, Monnier, Monod, and Gounelle, and from Germany Professor Adolf Deismann, the great authority on New Testament Greek, from the University of Berlin, while from the United Kingdom such authorities as Principal Pry, Dr. Witherspoon of the Church of Scotland, and Dr. Dorrok of the Westminster Wesleyan Institute, and, besides, the Anglicans already named.

From America we are not surprised to find such expected faces as those of Bishops Brent and Manning, of the Episcopal Church; Bishop McConnell, of the Methodist Church; and Dr. Parkes Cadman, Congregationalist, the eloquent preacher of Brooklyn, New York, who also instructs a congregation of millions of people every day through the newspapers.

Of all this company, however, no man challenged greater regard than did Robert Hume, for over half a century a missionary in India and ex-Moderator of the United Church of North India. Here is an example of unity, for it unites Congregational and most Presbyterian churches of northern and western India, accomplishing its results without requiring any of the uniting communions to change their theological views or their modes of worship or government.

THE Congress was opened by a sermon from Bishop Brent in the picturesque old Cathedral, now happily restored by Viollet-le-Duc. Then there was an adjournment to the grandiose Palais de Rumine, a part of the University of Lausanne, where Bishop Brent was speedily elected presiding officer of the Conference. There is always something about religious election meetings which reminds one of Tammany Hall; they seem so well thought out beforehand!

Then to the work in hand. There was a great pressure to speak—so much so, indeed, that the speeches had to be limited to a few minutes each, with a horribly rude warning bell rung two minutes before the conclusion of each address, the amusing thing being that it was rung by one who seemed the most modest violet in the place, namely, Miss Lucy Gardner, a Quaker.

Of course, the object of the meeting was nothing less or else than getting the Christian churches together to see what might be done towards removing the alarming variety of ecclesiastical representation from small villages in America and elsewhere.

FIRST of all, of course, as the title indicates, is the subject of faith. Fortunately, among many Protestant sects there is little, if any, divergence of creed. There is apparently, however, a vast gulf fixed between Protestants and Roman Catholics. And yet, as Bishop Gore brought out in his comprehensive statement, there was not a time when Roman Catholics and Protestants did not stand together on the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds. Both bodies still believe that the Church is a coherent something based on a belief in a positive revelation of God made through Christ and that the doctrine of St. Paul and St. John is the expression of God's mind for men. Nor do the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds fail to find their justification in the New Testament.

Hence the reunited Church must be committed to these two; if not, as the Bishop concluded—

> I think we must abandon our present attempts (though only for a time) and devote ourselves to the more feasible task of consolidating all who profess the name of Christ, without regard to sacramental and doctrinal differences, in an earnest pursuit of the moral and social services of Christianity. If we can learn to act as one body on the moral and social field, we may become better fitted in another generation to approach doctrinal and sacramental questions afresh.

This purview is in line with that of Stockholm two years ago. In that connection a hopeful sign of the times is the Continuation Movement activity, resulting in the organization of an Institute of Social Research at Geneva. This Institute is to carry on investigation, both from a theological and an economic standpoint. It will involve a scrutiny of the social principles of Christianity, on the one hand, and an application in an inevitably increasing co-operation, on the other.

The most definite cleavage would appear to some to be between those churches which retain and those which have dispensed with the episcopate, also in certain forms of the ministry which differ in respect to the mode in which the ministerial position is set forth. The question, as Dr. Cadman pithily puts it, is how to adapt an ordained priesthood to the religious need of a democratic age. This was also forcefully brought forward, though in a different manner, by the Bishop of Manchester.

THE fact is that the rock on which the Church is built is a living confession of faith.

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No man can walk these streets and hink these thoughts without wondering whether an endeavor should be made to restore the conditions of the days of the Apostles, when each local church formed part of the one Church, and it was manifest to all men that in one place there was only one Church.

Lausanne, August 11, 1927.

International Relationships in the Pacific

The Story of the Second Honolulu Conference

A Bold Experiment in a New England Outpost

By FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

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A HUGE affair the Pacific Ocean, twice as large as the Atlantic, nine thousand miles from north o south, ten thousand miles along the quator, with an area of fifty-five million quare miles; so vast that where I begin o write, half-way between Honolulu and ne Pacific coast, we are farther from nd (except straight downwards) than e can be anywhere else on the planet. very deep ocean, with a floor covered ith mountain ranges. Around it live ore than half the human race. Very rogressive countries like Japan, Canada, ew Zealand, Australia, and the United tates. A vast number of islands in the outh Seas, under the tropic sun, with rge populations ruled under mandate f the progressive countries, by order of nd under the supervision of the League f Nations. And, last of all, but first of ll as a world problem, four hundred illion people in China again on the arch after a period of arrested develop- ent following thousands of years of ctive civilization.

It is upon China that the thought of ankind in public affairs is converging. uring the past one hundred years pow- rful governments and peoples have be- ome entangled in China in trade, in roperty rights, in politics. Strong gov- rnments have taken advantage of a eak government, of a vigorous people ebly organized; and now, when the atural might of four hundred millions as again begun to assert itself, the diffi- ulties of adjustment are many, and the ssues of peace and war among the na- ions center upon this country of China nd hang heavily over the Pacific.

A Fact-Finding and Fact-Interpreting Conference

THIS second gathering at Honolulu for inquiry into the international ssues of the Pacific area, like the first wo years ago, was exactly what a Brit- sh representative called it, a bold ex- eriment by men and women of good will and faith in the future of their own kind to make war in the Pacific not only unnecessary but impossible; and to do this, not by pretending to devise solutions for all difficulties, but by so examining together the problems that concern us all that when the time comes for action the work done at these conferences may make a peaceful solution easier to achieve.

They are fact-finding and fact-interpreting conferences. Or, as it was put in another fashion, it is the general practice of governments to delay until troubles arise and then try to put out the fire. It is the attempted practice of these conferences so to explore the sources of trouble before they break into conflagration that there may be no conflagration at all. These conferences, made up of individual members rather than delegates, are able to explore the issues to the limit, whereas delegated authorities are apt to come up against a stone wall when they reach the boundaries of their instructions.

The Personnel of the Membership

THERE were about one hundred and fifty members present, including the observers from the League of Nations and the permanent secretariat of the Conference. There sits a recent Attorney-General and Minister of Railways from Australia. And there General Sir Arthur Currie, Commander-in-Chief of the Canadian Forces during the World War and now at the head of McGill University. He is doing what Robert E. Lee did in the South at the close of the Civil War, dedicating the remainder of his life to the youth of his country whom he led in the great conflict. And over there are two of the prophets and statesmen of the Nationalist movement in China, Yui and Koo, men whose personality and ability might give pride to any people. And there is Sawayanagi, of Japan, a member of the House of Peers; and Ishii, of a great Japanese private corporation; and Takayanagi, Professor of Law in the Imperial University at Tokyo; and Tsurumi, a notable author and publicist of Japan. And there is the Maori member from New Zealand, representative of the dark native race of that country, now come to equality with the white governing race. His name is Peter Henry Buck, and he has some Irish blood in his veins, but he has been brought up with the Maori people and is one of them in appearance and sentiment. He is very popular at home, as he was in the Conference. It was told me that he was in the Great War and when on the field of battle there was almost a mutiny in his battalion over the way the battalion was being led the white men made the Maori their leader, and he acquitted himself with distinction. He has been a member of the Cabinet in New Zealand. He comes of a hardy cannibal race, a race of he-men who showed their he-ness by chewing up their enemies! I was informed that he recently convulsed an audience in his country by claiming that he had Scotch blood in his veins because his great-grandfather once ate a Scotch minister. And next to him sits Walter Nash, the Secretary of the New Zealand Labor Party.

Sitting with the large group from the United States you may observe, among others, Jerome D. Greene, of the firm of Lee, Higginson & Co.; the Catholic Archbishop Hanna, of San Francisco; Dr. Stanley Hornbeck, a Harvard professor and State Department expert on China; Dr. Paul Monroe, of Columbia University, long the friend and adviser of China in the field of education; Father Ryan, the famous sociologist of the Catholic Church; Paul Schaarenberg, husky leader of labor on the Pacific coast; and President Wilbur, of Leland Stanford, the Lincolnesque moderator and guide of the Conference. There are women in the groups; eight from the United States, including President Wool-

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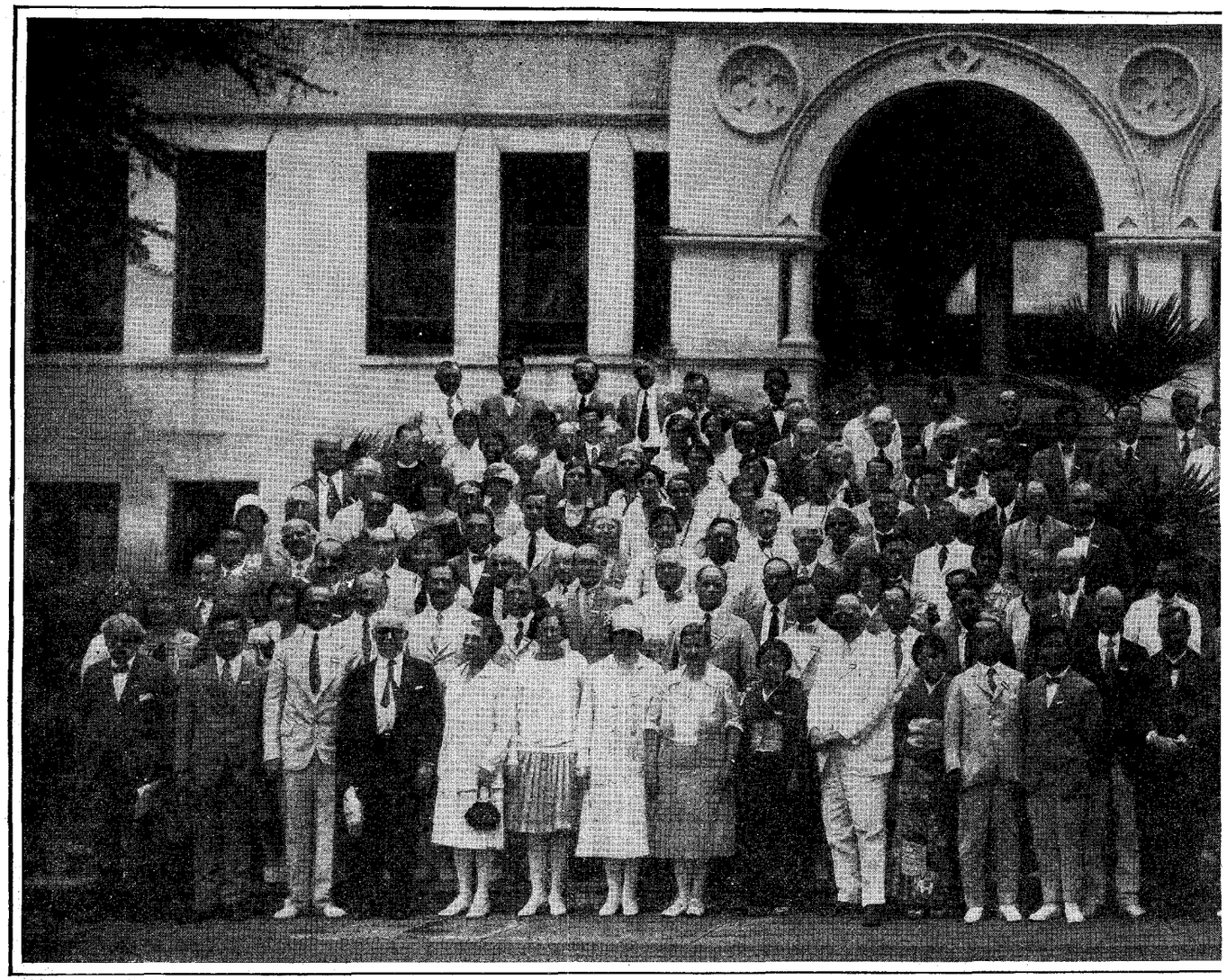

The delegates to the Pacific Conference. The presiding officer, President Ray Lyman Wilbur, of Stanford University, is t with his head silhouetted against the pa

ley, of Mount Holyoke, and President Comstock, of Radcliffe.

British Thoroughness and Modifiability

I LINGER a moment on the British group, because it is sitting in the Conference for the first time—and, besides, it is exceptionally notable. There are Sir Frederick Whyte, for eight years President of the National Indian Legislative Assembly; Hugh Wyndham, formerly a member of the House of Assembly of the Union of South Africa; Charles K. Webster, the Woodrow Wilson Professor of International Politics at the University of Wales, whose foundation compels him to remain for three months only every year at the seat of the University, and also compels him to occupy himself the rest of the year in travel throughout the earth to learn on the ground what are the movements of peoples and governments; and Lionel Curtis, moving spirit of the Royal Institute of International Affairs in London; and very interesting also is the presence of diplomatic cubs in the group, young men as secretaries getting their first taste of international affairs—young Viscount Castlereagh, direct descendant of the great diplomat at the Council of Vienna following the Napoleonic wars; near him young Mr. Astor, of New College, Oxford, whose American-born mother is a present-day able and colorful member of Parliament; and Malcolm MacDonald, son of Ramsay MacDonald, formerly Prime Minister and present leader of the Labor Party in Britain.

These Britons came, I thought, with a bit of a chip on the shoulder, believing that they might be called to task sharply for English blunders in China; ready broadly to defend Britain, but offering exuberantly the palm branch of good will to the Chinese, and expressing for Britain an ardent desire to face the new conditions in China in the most generous spirit. Their point of view was that, having made a great promise to China in the recent remarkable change of front in Chinese foreign policy of December 18, 1926, they should not be slow in making the first payment upon that great promise. You could not help admiring the thoroughness and accuracy of preparation and presentation of these Englishmen, with their blue Oxford coats bearing the insignia of their respective colleges, with their serious purpose and broad experience in international technique and diplomacy. You came away with a new sense of the high statesmanship of the present Conservative Government of Britain, which, in the face of the bitterest opposition on the part of the most reactionary commercial elements in its own ranks, has set its face to do the right thing as well as the only safe thing for peace in the China of the twentieth century. It is reasonably clear that the English Government is undertaking to grasp leadership in the process of restoring to China the territory, the rights, the sovereignty, taken from China in the last eighty years. It is doubtful whether Britain can assume this leadership, in view of what from the Chinese standpoint is a long history of wrong-doing; but it is also sure that if America is to be the natural inheritor of the good will which comes from a sounder and more

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der the central palm. He holds a straw hat in his right hand. Congressman Davenport, the author of this article, is shown extreme left. He also is dressed in white

far-sighted policy toward China, America must watch her step and make more dramatically clear to the sensitive Chinese people the true friendship which the American people have, and always have had, for the people of China in their struggles for progress and freedom. It is likely that England is yielding to the pressure of the new China and to the menace of the new Russia, but both as a Government and a people she is yielding whole-heartedly and without reservation; she is not even waiting for an authoritative political unity to emerge out of the present weltering chaos in China. Wise old kingdom—she is looking forward one hundred years! She has many sins, but many virtues; and perhaps her chief virtue is the capacity she has developed in the last one hundred and fifty years to modify her action in facing new conditions and new duties. Certainly the spiritual unity manifested in this Conference between herself and her Canadian, Australian, and New Zealand Dominions was a charming and significant phenomenon, and an instance of modifiability of a kind [illegible]

first time also she sat down here with the representatives of China on a plane of perfect equality, and seemed to like it!

The American Penetration of Hawaii

HONOLULU is unimprovable as the seat of these conferences, although it is quite likely that, for reasons of strategy, the gathering two years hence may be in China or Japan. Honolulu is a beautiful city of about 100,000 inhabitants, lying on the northeast corner of the South Sea Islands, on Oahu, one of the Hawaiian Archipelago, which Mark Twain characterized as the loveliest fleet of islands that lies anchored in any ocean. This city and the Hawaiian Islands show American influence in a benevolently feudal form at its very best. Here is one instance in the world where the substantial sense and sturdy religious character of the early New England missionaries have carried on. These islands have been ours formally since 1898. They fell into our lap because the best in had been transforming them for three-quarters of a century previously. The descendants of the American missionaries and many others have risen to wealth and power in these far-flung outposts in the South Seas, but there has been a minimum of exploitation of the Oriental race and a maximum of good guidance, good will, and good deeds. You have only to visit their churches, their schools, their games, their industries, their social gatherings, to realize what an enormous accretion of happiness and welfare and social advance has come to the Polynesian race and the other Oriental races in Hawaii under American rule. And you can trace it all back to as noble a band of God-fearing New Englanders as ever trod the earth. The soul of this early company has not departed.

Educational Americanization

I RAN across an interesting picture of normal American educational activity on the island of Kauai. In one of the public schools the following names of

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respective rooms: Miss Aki, Miss Hoga, Mr. Suga, Miss Rudback, Miss Conklin, Mr. Brodie, Mr. Kang, Miss Okada, Miss O'Brien, Mr. Chinoda, Miss Nakasheina—Anglo-Saxon, Celtic, Japanese, Chinese, Korean, and every one of them an American citizen and all competent teachers, educated in American schools.

Hawaii as an Outpost of the Pacific

I THINK perhaps our people do not realize the enormous defensive value to America of Pearl Harbor and its fortifications. This International Conference is organized to prevent war in the Pacific, but if war ever comes this outpost gives us priceless advantage. No battle fleet would ever pass it without first conquering it before going on to the Pacific coast. No enemy battle fleet could afford to have such a war-ship, submarine, and airplane rendezvous in its rear, harrying it and cutting off its supplies and reinforcements.

And every year this outpost is brought nearer to us. In 1820 it took those early New Englanders six months by sailing vessel to go from Boston to Honolulu. As soon as the new fast four-day ship from San Francisco goes on the route in September it will be possible to reach Honolulu from Washington, New York City, or Boston in eight days. On the morning that we arrived in the Hawaiian Harbor two intrepid airmen from the mainland crashed successfully on Molokai, near by, having made the flight from the Pacific coast in about twenty-five hours. While we were at the Conference the result of the Dempsey-Sharkey fight was flashed from the ring-side in New York to Honolulu in three seconds, and in five minutes the newspaper extras were on the street.

Mr. Davenport's next article will discuss China, Japan, and the South Seas

A Business Man's View of Religion

By IRVING T. BUSH

QUITE by accident, the other evening, after dinner, five men withdrew to coffee and cigars in the smoking-room. One was a lawyer devoting all of his time to the affairs of a great public corporation; three were men of substantial success in the business world; I was the fifth. I watched them light their cigars, take a look at the lighted end, and lean back with a sigh in comfort, and then I introduced the subject of religion. They were a fairly hardened group, and I wanted to get their reaction. To my surprise, they all expressed regret at the apparent drift away from the old-time religious point of view on the part of the young people of the present generation. They had concrete examples and illustrations to prove just what was happening, and seemed certain we were going to the dogs.

One of them said: "I am worried to death about my two boys, and don't know what to do about their religious training, or, in fact, whether to attempt to give them any. Both my wife and I were brought up very strictly in the Methodist Church. We were taught every dogma and as youngsters believed them all. When we grew up, and went out into the world, we began to ask questions, with the result that a reaction set in upon both of us, and we now feel something like contempt for our old teachings. They are just absurd to us now, but I know what a steadying influence belief is to young people, and we cannot make up our minds whether to let the boys be taught the old-fashioned things we were taught, or to develop along modern lines of thought with their generation. They are both intelligent, and even at ten and twelve are beginning to ask questions. They are certain sooner or later to think for themselves, and to lose faith in the old dogma, even if it is taught them. Is a lost faith better than none? That is the question my wife and I are asking ourselves, and I imagine it is the question which is being asked by serious parents everywhere more often than any other.

"We tried out the old school once," he continued, "by sending both of the boys to Sunday school. They fell into the hands of a fine, conscientious woman of middle age who believed and taught everything from Jonah to the Immaculate Conception. The boys came home and asked us questions we could not honestly answer, and it came to a point where we either had to lie to them about our own beliefs or take them out of Sunday school, so we took them out."

"I have lost all my old beliefs in dogma as it was taught in my day," said another of our little group, "but in the evening, when I go out and look up at the heavens, I know there is some Power somewhere greater than I am. I can't prove that there is by any scientific demonstration, but I don't know any one who can prove there isn't. I have the greatest respect for science, but when it tells me this world is an accident which has developed out of gases, I begin to think science is gassing a little itself. We need scientific proof of everything which is capable of proof, but we need a little faith as well—a faith stripped of superstition and legend to its bare fundamentals, to which we can all hold fast because it is so simple we can believe it."

I HAVE been wondering since I attended that evening Sunday-school class of hardened sinners in that smoking-room if it isn't possible for a business man to discuss religion without giving offense to any one. Religion itself would become a business proposition if belief were taken away from the men and women of to-morrow. Unbelief undermines character, and character is the bed-rock of business and all progress. To begin with, let me say to the old school, I have deep religious convictions. Perhaps not just like theirs, but they are strong and deep. If they point accusing fingers at me, I shall say they have tried their way, and ask if it has succeeded. Isn't there a danger that because of insistence upon dogma the young people are beginning to doubt everything?

For myself—I believe in the young people of to-day. They are a fine, upstanding lot—as a whole. There are a few loose ends, but every generation has them. The trouble is they have a harder time getting adjusted, for they are making their own standards, and not merely accepting worn-out theories. We old-timers had all of our rules of conduct neatly docketed and handed to us tied up in blue ribbon like a diploma. Most of us accepted them and asked no questions. The boys and girls of to-day are not willing to do that. They are asking questions, and that in itself is not a sign of mental deterioration. Questions which cannot be answered are embarrassing. It is not convincing to an eager young mind to say that they are in the realm of the unanswerable. A youngster may want to believe—as I think most of them do want to believe—but he refuses to swallow both Jonah and the whale. I do not ask young people to swallow Jonah. Perhaps the whale did, and perhaps it didn't. What real difference

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does it make? Jonah may have been a dwarf and the whale a whopper. The fact that the Bible has come down to us from ancient days of legends does not upset all religion or destroy its fine teaching.

THERE is enough left if we discard every miracle, and why worry about the miracles themselves? Should doubt concerning miracles upset our belief in some Supreme Power? What would we say of the radio if we did not have it and read of it in the Bible? Or transmitting pictures by wire, or calling up London and Paris by phone, or a thousand other simple phenomena of our every-day life? The radio is merely an instrument which has put us in touch with what has always existed. The voices and music have always been all about us, in the air. We have just learned how to hear them, and now I sit in my Florida home, and listen to concerts in New York and Chicago. The voices from China and India are undoubtedly everywhere as well. We have reached across the Atlantic, and it is only a question of time before we shall hear from the uttermost parts of the earth. Where is the end? Who can say? Are voices from other worlds waiting in the air for us to find some way to hear them? All this may not prove that there is a God, but it should at least teach us not to scoff at what may seem improbable to our present intelligence. Of course, the scientist says all these things have been discovered by exact scientific methods. That is true, and we owe science a great debt. But science admits to-day many things it disbelieved a generation ago. I am not arguing in favor of the acceptance of prehistoric legends as the fundamentals of faith. I merely ask, Why argue at all? If some wish to believe that everything in the Bible is divine truth, let them, but the rest of us will still have enough left for a fine faith to hand to our children if we rest our belief in a Supreme Power based upon what we call right.

What about the Immaculate Conception and the divinity of Christ? Does it really matter? If Christ were on earth to-day, would he join in the quarrel as to his divinity, or would he say, "I come to preach that there is a higher power"? Isn't that the real question, and does it make much difference whether we agree or disagree about the details? We call that power God. Those who speak other tongues have other names for it. Does it matter whether we believe it is entity or a great organized force? Can we prove it is either? Can any one prove it is neither?

I READ the other day in an article about atheism a statement holding the believers in God up to ridicule, because in thousands of years they had not proved his existence. Have the atheists proved his non-existence? At least, during all those thousands of years the world has gone on. Nature has worked its infinite wonders each season. The mind of man has wrought marvels, and, whether we believe in God or not, we have come to know there is a right and a wrong, and to respect the right, even though we may not always practice it. Is this all accident, or is it evidence?

When Edison discovered electric light, we did not know how it was done until he told us, but we know it was not an accident. It was the product of a mind more developed than our own. Is the human brain an accident, or is that the product of a mind beyond our own?

Some go so far as to ask: "Who created God, if there is one?" Is it not enough to believe that there is a Power which has organized and directs the destinies of the world, and can we not admit that, whatever the control is, it is based upon the difference between right and wrong and honor and dishonor? To all questions of dogma I am content to answer, "Perhaps." I do not know; but does it matter? I believe that there is a Power which I am content to call God, and am convinced that a recognition of the simple virtues of right and truth and kindness lies at the base of that Power.

DO we help our children by insisting that they believe things their minds reject? Do we develop their virtues or their characters in that way? Is it not better to tell them that details do not matter; it is the fundamentals which count? Do we not help them more by giving them a belief so simple that they may kneel in a Mohammedan mosque, or a Hindu temple, and give thanks to the Power which is behind all beliefs? Do the details of any religion count, and, stripped of dogma, are not all religions very much the same? Does it really matter whether the worshiper believes his God is in the wooden image before which he kneels, in the heavens above, or in his own heart? Wherever it is, it is the same Power, and is not the best religion one so broad that it teaches tolerance of all?

Have the practices of Christianity been all we would like them to be? It is not necessary to go back to the horrors of the Inquisition. Only a few years ago I was in Constantinople while that city was occupied by the Allied forces. In a city where Mohammedans had till then kept their women in seclusion and had condemned drink I was told there had been opened by Christians five thousand saloons and European harlots walked the streets. This was done, they said, to satisfy the troops of the Christian Powers. If you were a Mohammedan, and had lived in Constantinople at that time, how would you judge Christianity? Would you judge it by the teachings of missionaries who seemed powerless to control their own people, or by the actions of Christians whom you actually came in contact with? Should we not be a little tolerant of the faith of a people who believe what they have been taught to believe, just as we believe what we have been taught? The mind of man has embroidered the fancy of legend upon the same fundamental belief in both faiths—a belief in a Power which we call God, and which they call Allah. It is a Power which teaches right.

I have gone into temples in India, and seen the patient bowed figure of the ignorant peasant, with little in his life, kneeling before an image in prayer. He prays to a Power which he may believe is in the figure before him, but which he is confident is behind all the wonders of the universe. As I have watched the kneeling figure, I have thought of peasants in Italy I have seen in prayer before the figures of the Holy Family, gorgeously arrayed in silk and satin and jewels; of the head of Christ I once saw in the ancient Church of St. Stephen in Vienna, decked in a flowered pokebonnet placed there in adoration; of the Russian peasants I have seen kissing their relics. Is it not a question of the degree of intelligence, and are not we only a little less ignorant than these simple peasants? Does it do any good to take their faith from them? Are we helping the world or our own to take faith away from our own children, without giving them something in its place?

IS not a simple belief in a Power which controls the world for its ultimate good better than losing faith? Is it not perhaps the best faith, for it embraces each and is tolerant of all? It is my faith. Am I right? Perhaps not in detail; but does it matter?

On the wall of the bedroom of my aunt, who has seen eighty-three years come and go, hangs this little verse:

So many gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind
When just the art of being kind
Is all this old world needs.

It is the wisdom of ages in four lines.

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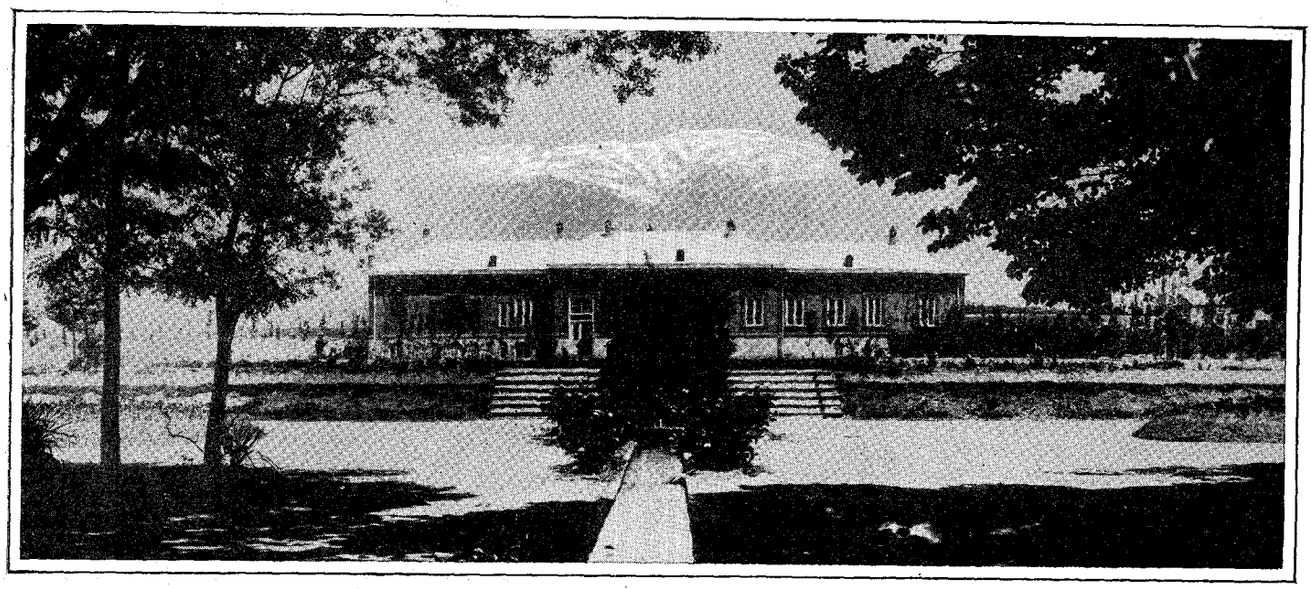

The American Legation at Teheran, Persia

A Yankee at the Court of the Shah

By OLIVER McKEE, JR.

WHEN, in September, 1922, at the invitation of the Persian Government, Dr. A. C. Millspaugh went to Teheran as Administrator-General of Persian Finances, skeptics gave him three months to get to know his work, three months more to put his knowledge at work, and three months more in "collecting his salary before leaving Persia in despair." The skeptic has proved here a poor prophet. For Millspaugh has just completed his five-year contract, and during the five years in which he has been the financial dictator of this ancient empire he and his group of expert American assistants have brought about almost a financial miracle. In 1922 Persia's finances were at a low ebb. The police had gone on strike because their pay had been so long in arrears. Governmental expenditures exceeded revenues by about twenty per cent. Ministers of Finance had an average tenure of about three months. Well-known banking firms and merchants of pre-war days were bankrupt. Collection of taxes was difficult, particularly from the rich. Business was depressed, and everywhere there was a lack of confidence.

HERE are some of the salient points in the picture to-day. This year, for the first time in recent years, Persia has a surplus—something like $14,000,000. This is large for a country the scale of whose governmental expenditures is so small, measured by the British or American yardstick. Persia, moreover, has a balanced Budget, and taxes are being collected, though the American mission still has some difficulties on this score. Persia will soon establish a new national bank, and part of the capital for this will come from the sale of the crown jewels, said to be worth $60,000,000. Most of these came into possession of Persia at the time of the conquest of India by Nadir Shah. Better put this money at work developing the economic resources of the country, argued the American advisers, than leave them idle in a vault, and Persia has not treated the counsel as one of perfection. The Government has already taken steps to sell the crown jewels. In a word, the American mission has increased revenues, has controlled expenditures, has broken the vicious cycle of deficits and borrowings, has put an end to corruption of the more flagrant kind, and has converted the Persian Parliament, or Majless, to the principles that budgets must be balanced, and that the only way to increase expenditures is to increase taxes.

Because of her improved financial situation, and through the Government monopoly of sugar and tea, Persia plans to build a railroad from the Caspian to the Persian Gulf. An American engineer has been appointed Director-General of Railroads, with a staff of a dozen American experts. Lack of transportation has hitherto greatly hindered the development of Persia, a country a fifth as large in area as the United States, with a population of some twelve millions. There has been only one railroad worthy of the name, that from Tabriz to Julfa, about eighty miles in length. If the American mission did nothing more in five years than to show Persia how to tap the financial reservoir with which to build railroads, it would have justified both its own ability and the wisdom of the Persians who were originally responsible for the selection of Dr. Millspaugh and his associates.

SINCE 1900 the Persian Government has employed a number of foreign advisers and administrators. Belgian experts have been in charge of the customs administration. In 1911 W. Morgan Shuster, with a staff of American assistants, went to Persia as Treasurer-General with broad powers. Though international complications caused an abrupt termination of his mission before it had been in operation a year, he effected not a few permanent reforms. For a short period after the war a British expert, Mr. Armitage-Smith, with a small staff of British assistants, served as financial adviser to the Persian Government. In 1921 his services were dispensed with. In that year the Persian Government, headed by Muchir ed Dowleh, a liberal and forward-looking leader, laid down an economic policy which included the employment of American advisers for the Ministries of Finance and Public Works and the municipality of Teheran. At that time Dr. Millspaugh was economic adviser to the State Department. Representatives

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of Persia took up the matter with the Department, which, after a study of available names, suggested Dr. Millspaugh as the man to bring Persia out of the financial wilderness. Charles Evans Hughes was then Secretary of State, and it was made perfectly plain to the Persian Government that Millspaugh was to carry on his work in Persia in a purely private capacity. The American Government made it clear that it assumed no responsibility for any action which Millspaugh might take as an official in the employ of the Persian Government.

The contract was signed on August 14, 1922. Millspaugh was to have the title of Administrator-General of the Finances of Persia. In his field he was to be supreme. He was given general charge of financial administration and the preparation of the Government Budget. The Persian Government agreed that it would grant neither any commercial nor industrial concession and that it would not make any decision on a financial question without consulting with him. Millspaugh was given control over the personnel of the financial administration, over expenditures, and over the creation of financial obligations. Let us put it more concretely than this. From the Shah and Prime Minister down to the humblest employee, every official of the Persian Government has received his monthly salary from Dr. Millspaugh. The pay check was not valid unless it bore the counter-signature of the Administrator-General. Millspaugh has been the only official who could draw on the Government's account from the Treasury or the Imperial Bank of Persia. No matter how important he might be, every other official could spend the people's money only with the permission of the American Administrator-General.

The three Americans in the foreground are, from left to right, Charles I. McCaskey, Dr. Millspaugh, and Colonel D. W. MacCormack

THE success of the American mission may in no small degree be ascribed to the co-operation of Reza Khan, now the Shah of Persia. Five years ago, when Dr. Millspaugh and his associates went to Teheran, Reza Khan was Minister of War. From a humble origin Reza Khan came to the fore in 1921. After the *coup d'état* of that year he became Minister of War. A strict disciplinarian, with great powers of decision and leadership, Reza Khan brought the Persian army to a high degree of organization and efficiency. Dr. Millspaugh has stated that he considered Reza Khan "as one of the most significant and encouraging phenomena in Persia." Apparently he was the leader the country needed, and he had taken the preliminary steps necessary to the making of a modern nation. The American mission was disposed to assist him so far as was possible in carrying out a program for the good of Persia. In return, it hoped for the support of Reza Khan and the influential group which he headed in the program for centralizing in American hands, to the fullest possible extent, the revenues and expenditures of Persia. On October 31, 1925, the National Consultative Assembly voted to depose the former Shah, Ahmad Kadjar, and a Constituent Assembly, called soon afterwards, voted to give the throne to Reza Khan, then Prime Minister, and his male descendants. On December 16, 1925, Reza Khan ascended the marble throne.

Dr. Millspaugh went about his work slowly. It took him a year or so to get under way. It was a gigantic job in itself to find where the money of the Government came from and where it went. The taxes were many in number, and were imperfectly collected. There was not a little corruption in the Government service. The Government owed a good deal of money, and its accounts were in arrears. Dr. Millspaugh made the best use of each member of his mission, and put each man at the post where he could do the most good. Colonel MacCormack was placed in charge of the Administration of Internal Revenue. Americans were placed in charge of the finances of the provinces. An American engineer was made Director of Roads. For a time American experts took over the administration of the Teheran municipality. New Civil Service regulations were drawn up, a clause of which prohibited employees of the financial administration from engaging in politics. In 1923 the Treasury General Law was passed, and Charles I. McCaskey, another member of the Millspaugh Cabinet, was designated Treasurer-General. Thereafter the Treasurer-General took over the duty of signing all Government checks.

Tax arrears made up a good part of the debts due the Government by Persians. The American mission was slow in taking action, because most of the records were in confusion. After the machinery of administration had been set up, Dr. Millspaugh proceeded in earnest to the collection of back as well

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as delinquent current taxes. Reza Khan, the powerful Minister of War, pledged his support, and the back taxes began to come in. The simple general rule was laid down that each year a taxpayer in arrears should pay an amount on arrears to equal his current taxes. Dr. Millspaugh admits that the collection of back taxes would probably have been impossible had it not been for the existence of a strong army and the co-operation of Reza Khan, for the reform methods of the Americans made a good many enemies. The tax collector is never popular, even in the United States.

Dr. Millspaugh has refused another three years' contract with the Persian Government for the reason that the Persian Government wants to "clip" his wings and curtail the powers which he exercises. To carry on his work effectively for the next three years he believes that he must have substantially the same powers that he has exercised since 1922. Apparently Persia does not want to do this again. At the present writing, there has been no intimation from Teheran whether the Persian Government will select another American as Administrator-General, or whether the other members of the present American mission will be offered a renewal of their contracts.

DR. MILLSPAUGH and his associates have written during the past five years an important chapter in the history of modern Persia. It is important, not only for the help given Persia in setting the ship of state on an even financial keel, but it is significant also as an example of a new kind of aid given by an advanced to a backward country. Francis B. Sayre in Siam and the services of the Millspaugh group in Persia —these are but two of many examples of a kind of service rendered that does not foreshadow a political and economical control. In the past, a backward country that accepted the help of a foreign group of experts usually found that the country giving the help hoped to profit in some way. Turkey many years ago took von der Goltz to reorganize her army, and before long Turkey was trailing the kite of Berlin. Persia selected American Government experts because she entertained no fear that Americans, under cover of concessions or loans, would attempt to interfere in the politics of that country or attempt to dominate its Government. Americans may well be proud of the work of Millspaugh and his small group of Americans in this ancient land, the land of Xerxes, Cyrus, and Darius.

Holland Drives Back the Sea

By FRANK SCHOONMAKER

"GOD created the world," runs an old saying, "except the Netherlands, which were created by the Dutch." Since time immemorial it has been the custom of nations in need of land to make war upon a weaker neighbor. Pacific little Holland, feeling the pressure of a population far denser than that of Germany in 1914, makes war upon the sea. Well might Albrecht Dürer, coming centuries ago to the Netherlands, remark, "The wonder of Holland is the water, for it is higher than the land;" well may the little province of Zeeland have for its motto, *"Luctor et emergo"* (I struggle and emerge.)

To understand the reasons for Holland's new and greatest attack upon the sea it is necessary to remember two things: First, that Holland, despite her population of over 460 to the square mile, is essentially an agricultural country. Second, that, as a result of this, agricultural methods are probably more intensive in Holland than in any other country in the world, that land of average fertility sells for from $450 to $500 an acre. And, keeping these facts in mind, we shall not be surprised to learn that Holland is at present at work on the largest engineering enterprise ever undertaken by a small nation, the greatest and most costly reclamation work ever attempted by a nation large or small.

HOLLAND, half as big as West Virginia, proposes in the next twenty-five or thirty years to spend two-thirds as much as the United States spent on the Panama Canal, and by so doing to add seven per cent to her total area and ten per cent to her total arable land. She proposes to dike off and drain considerably over half of that great shallow bay known as the Zuider Zee, to spend in this way something over $250,000,000, and thus to reclaim 552,000 acres of the most fertile land in Europe. "It will be our richest province," Dr. de Hartogh, secretary of the Nederland in den Vreemde, told me, the richest province in one of the most productive countries in the world. Perhaps to us of America, accustomed to talk in thousands of square miles, these 552,000 acres seem very little, but it is well to remember that if the United States wished to reclaim an area equally great in proportion to her size, she would have to dike off a region about as large as the State of Texas.

The Zuider Zee, together with the Wadden Zee and Wieringen Lake, forms, as can be seen from the accompanying map, an immense shallow arm of the sea which cuts deep into the Netherlands and divides the province of Friesland from North Holland proper. Muddy, choppy little inland sea that it is, full of treacherous sand-banks and almost shut off from the North Sea by a chain of islands, it is nevertheless this Zuider Zee which makes Amsterdam a seaport. And along the shores of this same bay lie the picturesque "dead cities" of Volendam, Hoorn, Edam, and Marken, beloved of tourists.

Ever since the seventeenth century it has been the dream of Dutch engineers to drain and reclaim at least a part of this area. As early as 1641 plans were brought forward for reclaiming, with the aid of 160 windmills, a southern arm of the Zuider Zee, known as the Haarlemmer Meer, but it was not until two centuries later that this plan was actually carried out. Since then numerous proposals have been made for draining the Zuider Zee as a whole. The present plan is, with a few modifications, that brought forward by Lely in 1892. Repeated investigations have proved it to be the most economical, the most practical, and the best.

THE plan, as it now stands, for inclosing and reclaiming the Zuider Zee calls, first of all, for a heavy inclosing dike from North Holland, via the island of Wieringen, to the Frisian coast near Zurig. An inland, fresh-water lake, fed by the Ijssel River, will thus be created. The next step will be to dike off, pump out, and reclaim four *polders*. These four tracts of land, lying in some cases as much as sixteen feet below sea-level, have been laid off so that they contain as much clay and fertile soil as possible, and as little sand.

Up to the present the actual work, undertaken in 1920, has gone along very slowly. The national treasury has, until recently, found itself unable to supply

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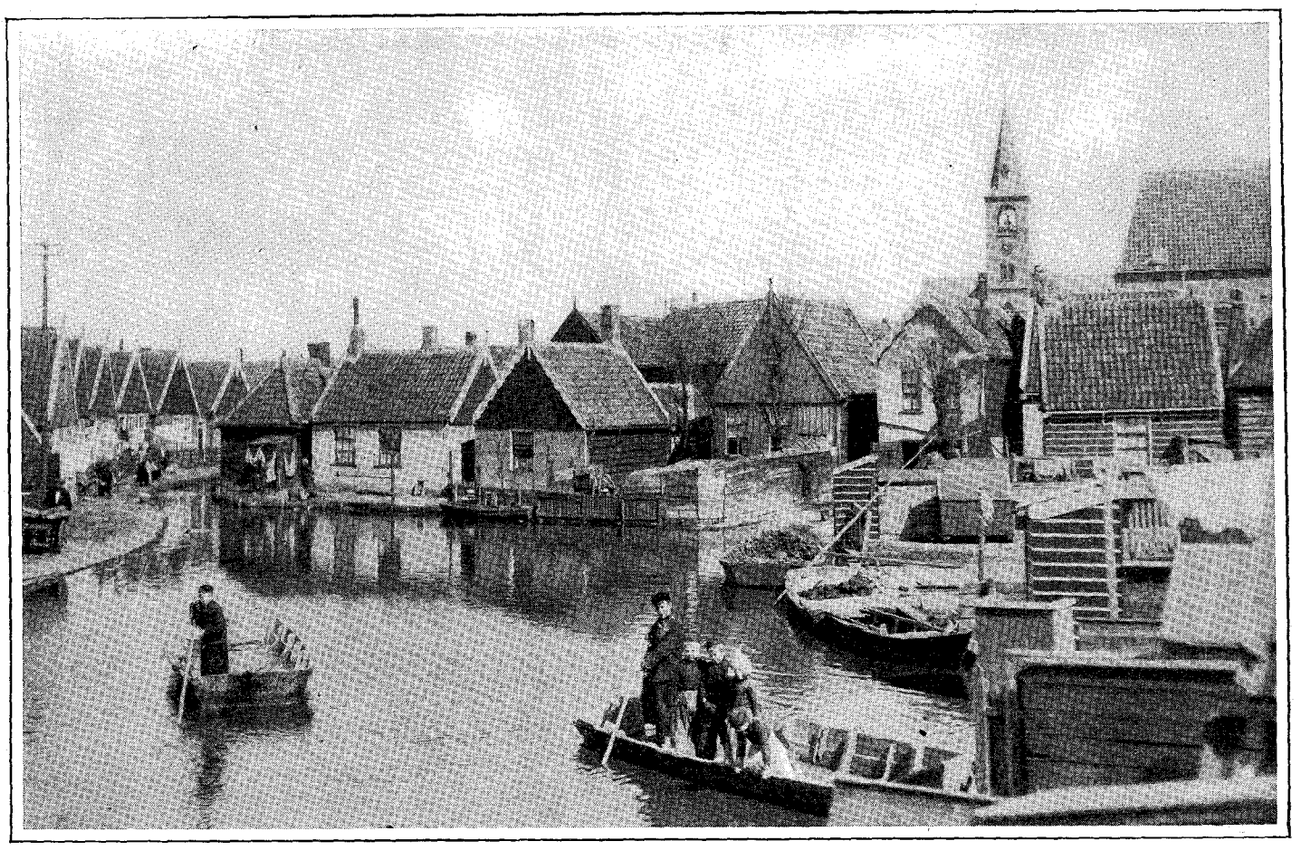

Volendam, a Dutch city that is going dry

the necessary funds, and in the years 1920–5 comparatively little was accomplished. However, about two years ago the Government, finding the money available, decided to press on more rapidly with the work. It was hoped thus to avoid some of the interest costs, which will amount altogether to over one-fourth of the entire expenditure.

It was therefore decided to proceed as soon as possible with the construction of the great inclosing dike from Wieringen to the Frisian coast and simultaneously with the diking off and reclaiming of the northwestern *polder*, known also as the Lake Wieringen *polder*. Both of these are now under way.

The main inclosing dike, from Wieringen to Friesland, will have a total length of about 18½ miles. This huge barricade, even heavier than the one already constructed from North Holland to Wieringen, will rise on its seaward side to a height of twenty-four feet above water-level and will be over one hundred feet wide. Space will thus be provided on it for a road, several electrical conduits, and a double-track railway. Through the center of this dike will run a ship canal, two-thirds of a mile wide, direct to the port of Amsterdam. The cost of this inclosing dike, including sluice-gates, locks, etc., has been estimated at 90,000,000 guilders, or, roughly, $36,000,000. It will probably be finished in 1934.

THE fresh-water lake into which the Ijssel River will empty will be of approximately 250,000 acres. The Ijssel, a delta branch of the Rhine, carries about one-ninth of that river's water to the sea, and the Ijssel Lake must be large enough to accommodate any flood. The level of this lake will be some fifteen inches below that of the sea, and the *polder* land will average from five to fourteen feet below the level of the lake. The areas of the various *polders* will be as follows:

Polder	Acres
Northwestern	50,000
Southwestern	140,000
Southeastern	232,000
Northeastern	130,000
Total	552,000

These 552,000 acres of new land will, of course, constitute the most important benefit to be gained from the enterprise as a whole. A commission was appointed by the Government to investigate the prospective value of this huge area. Thanks to a very accurate survey of the bottom of the Zuider Zee made some time previously, it was ascertained that between eighty and ninety per cent of the reclaimed soil will be exceedingly rich clay and the rest mostly sand and peat. After subtracting five per cent of the total area to allow for roads, canals, ditches, etc., the value of the land was calculated on the basis of carefully obtained figures. It was found that seven or eight years after draining, when the land will have acquired full capital value, it will be worth approximately $204,000,000. Meanwhile—that is to say, during this period of seven or eight years—the land will be held by the Government and either leased or cultivated. This, it is expected, will yield a revenue of some $38,000,000.

There are, in addition, numerous advantages in having an immense fresh-water reservoir—Lake Ijssel—in the center of Holland. During periods of summer drought good fresh water is exceedingly scarce in the provinces of Friesland and North Holland. Drinking water for cattle is difficult to obtain and irrigation is almost impossible. So acute is this annual shortage of water that agricultural societies in these two provinces have estimated the value of an unlimited fresh-water supply at $2,000,000 a year, representing, at five per cent, a capital value of $40,000,000.

The beneficial effects of Lake Ijssel upon shipping must also be taken into consideration, for upon this too the shortage of water has a disastrous effect. The water-level in the canals of Friesland falls so low during the summer months that canal boats are often forced

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to move about half loaded. And, since the cost of conveyance by water in the province of Friesland alone amounts to some $6,000,000 per year, it is evident that an adequate water supply would save a not inconsiderable sum every year.

THE following table will give an accurate idea of the various costs and benefits of the undertaking:

Work	Expenditure	Benefit
A. Inclosure (including formation of Lake Ijssel)	$36,000,000	from $45,000,000 to 60,000,000
B. Reclaiming 552,000 acres	146,000,000	204,000,000
Provisional yield (during years before land has acquired full capital value)		38,000,000
Interest on investment during above period	73,600,000	
C. Provision for military defense and compensation for partial elimination of fisheries in the Zuider Zee	Open	

So much for the actual budget of the enterprise. But there are other gains less easily calculated. The great increase in national wealth and the stimulus that this will give to foreign trade, new land thrown open to a crowded people, employment provided for thousands of workers over a long term of years, the gain in national prestige—all these too. And Holland has taken all these things into consideration. She has set her face toward the future, and quietly, in her methodical, determined way, she is going about her business, waging a bloodless but bitter war against her hereditary enemy—the sea.

A general map of the Netherlands showing the area to be reclaimed

The Eighteenth Amendment

By CHARLES FORREST MOORE

THE time has come when we must decide whether in this country the sovereignty of the Government shall be recognized and respected or the individual citizen be permitted to yield obedience to the law only when and to the extent it may suit his convenience or pleasure to do so. The safety of our Republic and the stability of its institutions are in many ways endangered; but it is my purpose at this time to consider only that threatened break in the line of our defense occasioned by the attitude of a considerable number of our people toward the Eighteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution and the statutes which have been enacted to enforce it.

That my views concerning this very important matter are not born of a life-long prejudice nor result from a fanatical obsession may be indicated best by a personal explanation, for the serving of which purpose it may be pardoned.

I was brought up in the country, and in a home and community of wholesome sobriety, where the question of prohibition was seldom raised, for the very good reason that there seemed to be no real need to consider it. Stored away in some inconspicuous place in the house in which I was born and reared there was always kept a scant supply of spirituous liquors, procured on a duplication of Paul's prescription to Timothy, which was carefully rationed in limited quantities, and that only in case of illness or extreme depression.

For the reason that the necessity for legal restraint was so remote within the scope of that small world to which the vision and experience of my youth were confined, the question gave me no serious concern until I had reached mature years; nor was I even then greatly dis-

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turbed, for I had acquired the habit of looking upon it as none of my special business.

THE question of prohibition began to be more and more agitated; yet, partly because I had little faith in the chance of its adoption, and more because I had other things to occupy my time and thought, like many others, I drifted into a state of acquiescent neutrality. There I remained until prohibition became the law of the land, and few there were who knew whether I was for or against it. Indeed, I scarcely knew myself. If, pending the long fight for the adoption of the Amendment, I had been required to take an open stand, the chances are I should have allied myself with the opposition.

When, however, the Eighteenth Amendment was finally written into the Federal Constitution and the statutes providing for its administration were enacted, I felt, as I have always felt, that it was the duty of every good citizen to respect the law, though I was not even then conscious of any special obligation to make its enforcement a part of my own effort. Ample provision seemed to have been made for the creation and maintenance of an adequate force to put the law into effect; then why should I not leave the work to those who were employed to do it? So I continued to sit still, as thousands have done, without so much as uttering an audible protest against the countless flagrant violations of the law of which I could not fail to have knowledge.

After a while it dawned upon me, as I believe it is dawning upon a multitude, that I was no longer justified in offering nothing more than a passive resistance to the spirit of lawlessness. The conviction has come to me that no good citizen can content himself with less effort in behalf of law and order than is exerted by those who would destroy them. There is an obligation that every man owes to himself, to his family, and to his country from the performance of which he cannot excuse himself if he would retain his self-respect.

One who indulges in serious thought cannot fail to be amazed by the senseless and fallacious arguments that are made against prohibition by certain writers and public speakers who ought to know better.

PERSONALLY, I do not know of any argument that is made, or that has ever been made, in favor of the liquor traffic that should appeal to any well-informed man of sanity who is entirely free from bias or personal interest. I am well aware that some very intelligent and estimable people do not agree with me, and it is far from my thought to belittle them. All I can say is that I cannot understand the processes of their reasoning.

That the promiscuous traffic in intoxicating liquors is an evil no one seriously denies. Its defenders have long since ceased to plead for its continuance on the ground of any intrinsic merit. Their appeals are based entirely upon what they allege to be unavoidable circumstances which are urged in mitigation. The best they can say for it is that, in their opinion, it is a necessary evil. That it is an unmixed evil I am persuaded, for in all my experience and observation I have not discovered a single individual who, so far as I could ascertain, received any personal benefit whatever from the use of intoxicants as a beverage; but I have beheld a countless number who have suffered grievous injury from such use. And in this I am persuaded my testimony must be corroborated by all who consent to speak the truth.

WHAT do the French think of publicity in public life? In private life? How the French point of view differs from the American is told in next week's issue of the The Outlook by Golda M. Goldman

Once in a while some one advances the statement that it is not so much the Prohibition Amendment to which they object as it is the manner in which its adoption was accomplished. One not fully informed would suppose from their talk that a half-dozen narrow-minded preachers, four or five chronic dyspeptics, a couple of temperance cranks, and a few designing politicians had got together on a dark night in the back room of somebody's basement and there, behind closed doors and drawn curtains, whispered their agreement to adopt the Amendment; then put it into effect by posting it on the front door of the courthouse early the following morning, before any one else had got out of bed.

Now, as a matter of fact, no law was ever enacted in the history of this country that was given more preliminary publicity or subjected to quite so much or so prolonged discussion. Surely it cannot be claimed that the friends of the liquor traffic were taken unawares, and I will do them the credit to say that never at any time did they permit their vigilance to relax for a single moment. The Eighteenth Amendment was adopted in strict conformity with the provisions embodied in the Constitution for its own revision. They tell us that it was not submitted to a direct vote of the people. Neither was the Nineteenth, nor the Fourteenth, nor any other that was ever adopted. If an attempt had been made to effect a change in that manner, the opposition would have objected on the ground of its being unconstitutional. The fact is, prohibition reached its goal by pursuing the ordained course in broad daylight. Moreover, it should not be forgotten that it is infinitely more difficult to amend the Constitution in the manner prescribed than it would be to change it by a popular vote. The majority of the voters in any thirteen States could have prevented the adoption of the Amendment if they had been so disposed; and so the majority of the voters in any thirteen States can prevent its repeal.

CERTAIN individuals who can conceive of no other respectable excuse for their opposition to the law assail it because, they assert, it is an encroachment upon their personal liberty, forgetting that every law on the statute-books in the same manner impinges on the individual freedom of all who would violate it. Society cannot exist except by the enactment and enforcement of measures which regulate and restrain individual conduct. Traffic rules are not made to obstruct progress on the public highway, but rather to expedite it. Likewise the activities of men are restricted, not for the purpose of curtailing the freedom of their movement, but that they may keep moving in perfect safety. If there were only a half-dozen stars in the heavens, they might all roam at will, with little danger of colliding; but because there is a countless multitude of these celestial bodies their paths were ordained from the beginning. The man who believes in the supremacy of the law and the orderly administration of government is hard pressed for an excuse when he seeks to unleash the liquor traffic in the name of personal liberty.

It strikes me as a bit peculiar that these zealous guardians of individual freedom have not sought to oppose legislation restraining traffic in drugs on

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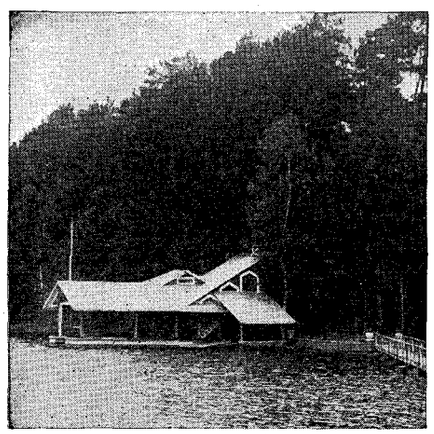

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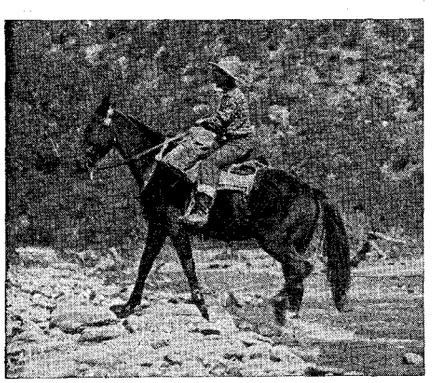

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the same grounds; for the drug habit is indeed even more personal than drunkenness, since the man addicted to the former is not so apt to become a public nuisance as the latter. He sins against himself, but is not so much a menace to the public welfare. The man who is soothed and stupefied by his narcotic is not so prone to disturb the peace and dignity of the State as one made boisterous and belligerent by drink.

THERE are still a few—not many, but a few—who for the want of a moral pretext seek to justify their hostility to prohibition by the antiquated argument that we are now deprived of the revenue which formerly accrued from the liquor traffic. First of all, the weakness of that argument lies in the fact that when a proper accounting is had it is manifest that the license system has never been profitable to the people. There was never a day in the existence of that policy when it did not cost them infinitely more than they got out of it. I could never understand the economic wisdom of swallowing a dollar's worth of booze in order to put a dime in the public treasury. Better, indeed, pay the tax direct, and save ninety per cent. The other system is too much like killing one's self smoking cigarettes in order to accumulate enough coupons to buy a coffin. Aside from that, no moral question can ever find its answer in dollars and cents. No price that could possibly be paid for the privilege of bartering liquid death would adequately compensate the resultant injury. Upon the same ground of economic necessity one may quite as readily justify licensing the gambling den or the brothel. These privileges sold to the highest bidder would yield a tidy sum.

Very many who do not dare assail the purpose of prohibition have advocated the repeal of the law on the ground of its alleged failure. The truth is, it is not the law that has failed, but some of the people who are responsible for its enforcement. No statute of which I have any knowledge has within itself the principle of self-enforcement; and, with all due respect for the powers that be, there are certain localities and some public officials that have not at any time made an honest attempt to put the law into effect. If all the other statutes on the books were administered with the same lack of diligence, life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness would be as valueless as they are inalienable. When the violators of this law are apprehended and brought before the bar of justice as promptly as we deal with the thief or the highwayman, and when the courts pronounce sentence with the same readiness and severity that they exercise toward other offenders, there will be a revision of opinion concerning the efficacy of the law. Let a few judges habitually follow the example of the Pittsburgh judge who passed sentence upon a wholesale and arrogant bootlegger, fining him the sum of $10,000 and giving him two years in jail to think it over, and when the next Census is taken the figures will show such a falling off in the ranks of the booze peddlers as to threaten an early extinction of the species. The frequent violation of a law is no reason for its repeal, in any event. Many thousands of violations of the traffic laws are reported each year. Will any one, on that account, contend that these regulations should be abolished? On the contrary, it should be an incentive to a more vigorous prosecution of offenders, and I do not doubt it will have that effect. To exercise leniency in the enforcement of any statute for the reason that it is unpopular and frequently disregarded is the surest way to encourage lawlessness. If the people are permitted to acquire the habit of observing only those measures that meet with their personal approval, we may as well abandon all organized government. Amendment or repeal by contempt should never be tolerated.

THE important thing at this time is not so much to convert the public to a belief in the merits of prohibition as it is to induce those who already believe in it to let their faith be known. Those who are hostile to the law do not refrain from amplifying and broadcasting their views; neither should the rest of us keep silent. We are too much inclined to leave the defense of the principle of the law and its enforcement to the professional moralist and the hired man. There is need for a definite and distinct expression of the sentiment which I am sure dominates the public conscience. I am firmly convinced that a majority of all the people in this country, and an overwhelming majority of the better classes, believe in the law. The trouble is too many of us keep silent when we ought to be heard.

If I had no other reason for allying myself with the advocates of prohibition, I should be constrained to do so for the sake of the association afforded. That a great many good men and women do not favor the policy of the law there is no denying, and I am far from impugning their motives or assailing their respectability; nevertheless the fact remains that practically all of criminal intent and all the adherents of the under-world are against the Eighteenth Amendment, and I do not care to have my picture taken in that group.

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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

Captain Kid

IT began soon after the war. I refer to the war with Germany from 1914–18—an event in history which, so I gather from an occasional movie caption, can be remembered only by us older gaffers. About the year 1919 we began to hear about youth, its radiant and noble qualities. If the rulers of the great nations had only been youthful, say from seventeen to nineteen years old, the tragedy would never have happened. There would have been a glorious spirit of brotherhood in the world; warm, red-blooded generosity. All the troubles between Austria and Russia, Germany and France, Germany and England, and Germany and America could have been arranged in a few minutes, and no clothes torn. With a stein on the table and a good song ringing clear, the absurdity of shooting down these kindly Germans and Turks would have been apparent.

So also with the Treaty of Versailles. Here again was government by graybeards. A few evil old men caused all the woe. Another group of wicked grandsires sat around a table in Chicago and selected the Republican President. Once more youth, beauty, idealism, generosity, and romance were defeated by the sons of Belial.

The world was full of eager, noble lads, panting to restore the Golden Age. The universities were full of them; they were conscious of their strength; they ran out each morning upon the college green, like young Greek gods, crying, "Youth! Youth!" In art, literature, and music it was the same. Truth and freedom were waiting in the hearts of young men and maidens all ready to make the world one gay spring song. But it was kept back, baffled and defeated by a few senile tyrants.

In Germany, where they do not leave things to chance, there was an organized "youth movement." In England young poets came back from the war, and began writing verse to show that living in muddy trenches is disagreeable; that dead bodies are unpleasant neighbors; and that shell-torn soldiers are as much a part of war as the pretty ceremony at retreat, when the bugles sound and the flag comes fluttering down.

There was an odd thing about this literature of youth. It was advertised as joyous and gladsome, but in fact it was gloomier than the caves of Hades. Realistic and truthful it was, in a fashion, but it was the realism of a man who is blind in one eye. Two young Americans, Mr. Dos Passos and Mr. Cummings, wrote books which missed no evil sight, sound, or smell, but never by chance mentioned anything pleasant. Even in camps, safe in America, the sun did not break out of the clouds for an instant. They recalled the farmer who, at the end of a perfect season when the weather had been fair and all the crops bountiful, was told that for this year at least he had no cause for complaint.

"Well," he replied, "there ain't no sp'iled hay for the calves."

Writers for some of the modernistic magazines were in danger of losing their jobs if they allowed cheerfulness to creep in for an instant. One of them gave a description of the difficulty of his life, when each day he had to lash himself into the proper spirit of bitterness. The friends of this Gloomy Gus movement called it "The Cry of Youth."

The child poets and the juvenile writers of books commenced to stir. Nathalia Crane's poems were indeed merry and youthful, and justified themselves to all who did not have the unfortunate experience of hearing Nathalia's ill-advised attempts to read in public. Our most considerable reviewing magazine, the "Bookman," came under the editorship of Mr. John Farrar, who was as young as Shelley and almost as young as Chatterton. His youth was much stressed, and for six or seven years he edited the "Bookman" with ability. (He retired this month, having learned that the editor of a book-reviewing publication undeservedly acquires as many enemies as friends.) Under Mr. Farrar's editorship the "Bookman" was a notable magazine, but that there was any more of the spirit of youth about it under Mr. Farrar, in his twenties, than under its former editor, the late Harry Thurston Peck, who was in his forties or fifties, it would be dangerous to assert.

The cult for youth passes and flares up again. Shakespeare in "Hamlet" jabs at the child actors. Colonel Lindbergh is youthful in fact, and attractively so in appearance, but in manner grave and dignified. I have not heard that he goes out in a simple chiton and sings hymns to the morning sun, nor that he is especially contemptuous toward his elders. During the agitation about Sacco and Vanzetti the youth business came to the front again. In some quarters the report made by Governor Fuller and the report of his three advisers was received with the remark that you couldn't expect sympathy and understanding from men so old. These elderly gentlemen were suffering from hardening of the mental arteries. They were all for hangings and electrocutions and the dismal ways of the past. Of course they couldn't be expected to look with favor upon youth, progress, and the future. If the decision, for instance, could have been in the hands of men of vision, like Mr. Justice Holmes or Mr. Justice Brandeis or Mr. Clarence Darrow, then truth might break through the fog. Well, Governor Fuller is forty-nine; President Lowell is seventy; President Stratton is sixty-six; and Judge Grant, seventy-five; an average of sixty-five years. And Mr. Justice Holmes is eighty-six and Mr. Justice Brandeis seventy, or an average of seventy-eight. Mr. Darrow is President Lowell's age—seventy.

Meanwhile, searchers have been combing the universities for flaming youth. The result has been as disheartening as it would have been in 1850, 1880, or 1900. Except for enthusiasm about athletics and college societies, the soberest and most conservative body of people in America are to be found in its colleges—the boys and girls from eighteen to twenty-two. Tradition with them is sacrosanct.

Mr. Halliburton's "The Glorious Adventure"[1] is a very popular book. It is all about his travels in classic lands. His publishers say that "He swam the Hellespont where Leander and Lord Byron swam. . . . He ran the Marathon over the original course. He scaled the Acropolis walls at night. He charged up Mount Parnassus. He danced through the Vale of Tempe."

The book itself is not as bad as that. The author, when he writes, does not pose so outrageously nor talk quite so much about glorious youth. He does have his picture taken, in offensive poses, against the background of Greek tem-

[1] The Glorious Adventure. By Richard Halliburton. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $5.

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ples. And he does allow his publishers to talk overmuch about sparkling imagination, the dauntless, liberated spirit of the age, and the reign of modern youth. Self-consciousness is rampant throughout. Mr. Halliburton is still in his twenties.

Mr. Robert Benchley, the author of "The Early Worm," [2] is far along in the valley of the shadow. The shades of the prison house are closing over him, for his fortieth birthday is only a year or two distant. He has been writing for a number of years, and if he is not the truest of humorists and America's best living humorous writer, only Mr. George Ade and Mr. Finley Peter Dunne can dispute that title with him. Neither he nor his publisher has ever bleated about youth; and if Mr. Benchley's features sometimes appear in Mr. Gluyas Williams's illustrations of his books, they are satirized for the amusement of his readers, instead of glorified like a hero of the movies or like the chesty photographs of Mr. Halliburton. Benchley can hardly write a line which has not in it a joyous spirit of fun. He has a perfect instinct for play, and a perfect recognition of humbug and pomposity in American life. His is the genuine spirit of youth, and it will be his at sixty-five as much as it was when he delivered the ivy oration on graduation from college. This spirit has little to do with years, and it does not engage in self-conscious poses either before a camera or when he sits down at his typewriter. E. P.

[2] The Early Worm. By Robert Benchley. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $2.

Fiction

THE THUNDERER. By E. Barrington. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.50.

Brought up to believe Thunderer an epithet belonging exclusively to Jupiter Tonans and the London "Times," it was only the portrait of Napoleon on the jacket of E. Barrington's new novel that informed us of a third and certainly not the least terrific claimant to the title. Napoleon, except as an incidental figure upon whom the spotlight is turned for some brief moment of sordidness or splendor, has not fared well at the hands of the novelists, often as they have been tempted to essay him; poets and dramatists have been more successful. As the leading character of a novel, he usually emerges romanticized either into sentimental feebleness or some sort of impossible superman. A superman in achievement it may be admitted that he truly was, but with limitations of character as petty as the scope of his ability was great. Natural virtues, some of them important, he had; but his personal code was low and he never showed, either in triumph or disaster, nobility of spirit.

That is the essential thing which E. Barrington understands, although the portrait she draws of him, especially in the days of his early passion for the fickle and uncomprehending Josephine, is by no means unsympathetic. It is a portrait soundly constructed, neither exaggerated, mushy, nor wooden, and bears creditable comparison with known historic fact. One cannot, in justice to the author, say less of her titular hero; yet it is in her thorough and admirable presentation of Josephine and her sketches in few but true and telling lines of some of the minor historic figures, that her best work lies. It has, of course, long been impossible to regard Josephine as the snow-white innocent lamb, the broken lily, the suffering saint, sacrificed to an unholy ambition, over whose woes our grandmothers shed luxurious tears. The most good-natured of women, tolerant, kind, and indulgent to everybody, but to herself first of all, the Creole Empress from lazy and lovely Martinique was by temperament sensual, greedy, deceitful, helplessly extravagant, readily tearful, but never really penitent, always amiable—and always charming. All these characteristics E. Barrington has effectively set forth in a framework of selected fact and credible complementary fiction, with the result of an extremely vivid and truthful portrait.

The book deals with Napoleon in his family relations; battle and conquest are merely a background, except indeed those battles royal, or rather unroyal, waged among the Bonaparte brothers, sisters, and in-laws; then indeed did Napoleon thunder mightily, rage, stamp, bang furniture, and shout unprintable language at the top of his imperial lungs. No imaginative touches were needful to heighten the violence and vulgarity of these family rows as history has recorded them, nor the piquancy of their contrast with the more than princely rank and station of the participants.

In short, E. Barrington has written a refreshingly unsentimentalized but consistently interesting novel about one of the most amazing groups of historic individuals the world has known.

GIDEON. By Inez Haynes Irwin. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.

The adolescent age is not a pie to furnish easy plums for novelists. Despite the author's occasional flashes of penetration into the psychology of youth, the boy Gideon Hallam remains a fictitious character. Gideon is a child of divorce. He grows up with a decided mother complex, in the riotous circle of his mother's jazz-mad friends. Before he is ready to enter college the father, of whom Gideon retains no memory, requests a visit from his son. Inhibited by an ingrowing animosity against him, Gideon reluctantly complies. The brilliant scientist-explorer father, his lovely second wife, and their charming life together are revelations to the boy.

Here is no vitriolic propaganda either for or against separating those whom God hath joined. Obviously, the elder Hallam and his first wife are happier unmarried, but their households form an enlightening contrast between two modes of living. Lipsticks, jargon, and gin in the one home; dowdiness and intellectual contentment in the other. Gideon makes his choice in an interesting climax of events.

TALL MEN. By J. S. Montgomery. Greenberg, New York. $2.

A tale of blockade-running in our Civil War. It is agreeable reading, but with no great depth or reality. It is perfectly easy now for all Americans to read without anger of British ships smuggling rifles into Charleston and taking cotton out. The trade was profitable, and only reprehensible when the bold adventurers were caught. The battle of the Alabama and the Kearsarge forms a dramatic incident. The plot moves, the style runs easily, but the brave

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hero and beautiful woman are too romantic to be true.

SHADOW RIVER. By Walton Hall Smith. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

The pursuit of large, desirable monsters has been the mainspring of many an excellent tale of adventure. The inevitable impediments in the way add zest to the story; the imminent presence and final startling apparition of the quarry cause agreeable shivers of suspense. When Londelenghi, the marvelous elephant of Mr. Smith's story, eventually makes his personal appearance, the effect is not as cataclysmic as when Moby Dick shoulders out of the water, but it is fully as exciting. "Shadow River" is a rough, masculine story which displays a masterful knowledge of the African jungle and seems acutely uncomfortable whenever it is forced to drag in love interest by the hair of its pretty head.

History

APES AND MEN. By Harold Peake and Herbert John Fleure. **HUNTERS AND ARTISTS.** By the Same Authors. The Yale University Press, New Haven. $2 per vol.

These are the first two volumes of a series entitled "The Corridors of Time," designed to cover the story of this best of all possible worlds down to the year 800 B.C. Commencing with a summary of primitive theories of origin, upon which the authors have no insistence as to our belief, the cream of recent scientific research is served up in a broad-minded manner, careful distinction being drawn between proved fact and hypothesis and, where views differ, each side of questions being stated as fairly as may be.

The titles of these first volumes sum up their matter. "Apes and Men" deals with man's origin. He emerges, after the great Ice Age, to peer through the gloom and leave very little from which a connected story may be constructed behind him. But the hunters and artists were more considerate and in the decoration of their caves show us a race growing to some sort of shape. The two books bring us down to somewhere between 4000 and 3000 B.C., the remainder of the period to be contained in a further six volumes. When it is through, the general public will probably stick to its Wells, but there can be no doubt where the serious inquirers' vote will be cast.

Children's Books

PETERSHAM'S HILL. By Grace T. Hallock. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

Quaint pictures are a prime requisite for a fairy story, and those by Harrie Wood add much to the fun of this jolly book. Children will especially like the Robin's-Eye View of the country back of Petersham's Hill, which serves as an end-paper. Here they will place Leprechaun Village, the Windy River, the Mountain of Snow in a Circle of Flame, and other exciting points of interest.

FOR THE GLORY OF FRANCE. By Everett McNeil. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

The author has written several popular historical stories for boys. This has a noble figurehead in Champlain. Two French boys, one Huguenot, the other Catholic, stow away in his ship and take part in the founding of Quebec and the discovery of Lake Champlain. The boys' own personal history teems with mystery and danger. It is a capital story, but it would be better yet if the comedy part were not stressed too much.

Art

A HISTORY OF ITALIAN PAINTING. By Oliver S. Tonks, Ph.D. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $4.

Drastic simplification has put Professor Tonks's excellent survey of Italian painting on a desirable middle ground between the extensive treatment of Crowe and Cavalcaselle and the desiccated judgment-a-line of "Apollo." Attention is centered on the three great schools of painting—Florentine, Umbrian, and Venetian—with preliminary consideration of the schools of Rome and Sienna, and very few painters are allowed as much as a chapter. Andrea del Sarto is compressed into less than five pages, of which two are largely occupied by some of the most successful reproductions of the more than one hundred and fifty with which the book is filled. The accompanying text, here as elsewhere, is characterized by discrimination and taste. "In his [del Sarto's] best productions is a vaporous transparency suggestive of Correggio's work. His success depends largely upon the power to represent his scenes with a suave restraint. As a result his work is always dignified and easy even when it lacks the power of spiritual stimulation."

Notes on New Books

IRENE IDDESLEIGH. By Mrs. Amanda M'Kittrick Ros. Introduction by Thomas Beer. Boni & Liveright, New York. $1.75.

A high-flown and unconsciously comical story, by an Irish writer, first published in 1897. It recalls the early style of Augusta Evans, and is now republished for the delight of the sophisticated. The format is appropriate and attractive.

THE PAGEANT OF AMERICA. BUILDERS OF THE REPUBLIC. By Frederic Austen Ogg. $5.

THE AMERICAN SPIRIT IN ART. By Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., Charles Rufus Morey, and William James Henderson. The Yale University Press, New Haven. $5.

Two more volumes in the interesting "Pictorial History of America."

ASK ME A BIBLE QUESTION. By George Stewart. The Century Company, New York. $1.50.

A questionnaire book about the Bible.

Books Received

THE MOTION-PICTURE CAMERAMAN. By E. G. Lutz. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.

MESSAGES. By Ramon Fernandez. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.50.

MAN. By Horatio V. Gard. Published by Golden Rule Magazine, Chicago. $3.50.

THE TRIAL OF JESUS. By George W. Thompson. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $1.50.

LIFE CHANGERS. By Harold Begbie. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.50.

Contributors' Gallery

REPRESENTATIVE FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT contributes in this issue an account of the second Honolulu Conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations, from which he has just returned. He is Professor in Law and Politics at Hamilton College and Advisory Counsel of the Experimental School of Political Science at Syracuse University. His election to Congress followed six years' service as a member of the Senate of New York. He has long been a welcome contributor and loyal friend to The Outlook.

FRANK SCHOONMAKER was born in South Dakota and educated in New York and New England. He spends most of his winters abroad, writing and traveling, and his summers at the Woodstock Art Colony. His first book, "Through Europe on Two Dollars a Day," was published last spring.

IRVING T. BUSH'S article is appropriately named, for one thinks of him primarily as a business man, of the highest and most successful type. He is founder and head of the Bush Terminal Company, and also of Bush House in London.

OLIVER MCKEE, JR., is a Washington journalist. After his graduation from Yale he became a member of the Washington staff of the New York "World," and later an editorial writer on the Boston "Evening Transcript," specializing in foreign affairs. He is now Washington staff correspondent of the "Transcript."

WE have just learned that Mr. Edmund Pearson, editor of The Outlook's Book Table, has another claim to distinction. Not only is he an author and an editor, but he is also, it appears, a philanthropist. When he recently resigned from the staff of the New York Public Library, he accompanied his resignation with a gift of books and a note which we find published in the New York "Times:"

"I have given to the library," wrote Mr. Pearson, "some twenty or thirty books. . . . I expect no special recognition of the gift. I only stipulate that they should be catalogued on gold-edged catalogue-cards, have a special bookplate with my picture and name; be known henceforth as the Edmund Lester Pearson Collection; kept in a room by themselves, and issued to readers by somebody in full evening dress."

At that, the library says, Mr. Pearson's letter is not much of a satire on the requests of many donors.

"Twenty Questions" on General Information

Answered in this issue of The Outlook

Give yourself 5 points for each question correctly answered. One hundred points is a perfect score. You can find the correct solution on the pages cited.

1. In what State are the Laramie Mountains? (P. 553.)

2. Where was Napoleon last exiled? (P. 563.)

3. What President was impeached? (P. 564.)

4. On what island is Honolulu situated? (P. 569.)

5. When did the Hawaiian Islands formally become a United States possession? (P. 569.)

6. What is the name of the present Shah of Persia? (P. 573.)

7. What body of water did both Leander and Lord Byron swim? (P. 580.)

8. From what island did the Empress Josephine come? (P. 581.)

9. On what lake is Lausanne situated? (P. 565.)

10. Who was the first Secretary of the Treasury? (P. 564.)

11. Who is the present leader of the Labor Party in Great Britain? (P. 568.)

12. Who was Commander-in-Chief of the Canadian forces during the World War? (P. 567.)

13. On what body of water is Amsterdam, Holland, located? (P. 574.)

14. What is "dry ice"? (P. 558.)

15. In what year did the Progressive campaign take place? (P. 564.)

16. In what country is Stonehenge? (P. 560.)

17. In what year was Cleveland first elected President? (P. 564.)

18. On what island do the Maoris live? (P. 567.)

19. From what country did America get the chestnut blight? (P. 559.)

20. Who invented the electric light? (P. 571.)

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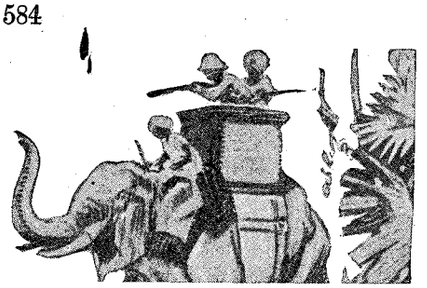

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In the old haggling way of trade, which has, in this country, at least, happily gone out for the most part, and been replaced by the more honest one-price system, in which a dealer puts a fair profit upon his goods and sticks to that, it was customary to demand a great deal more than the asker hoped to get.

One time on the Texas frontier a man came into a camp riding an old mule.

"How much for the mule?" asked a bystander.

"Jist a hundred dollars," answered the rider.

"I'll give you five dollars," said the other.

The rider stopped short, as if in amazement, and then slowly dismounted.

"Stranger," said he, "I ain't a-goin' to let a little matter of ninety-five dollars stand between me and a mule trade. The mule's yourn."

Another story, somewhat of the same sort, is related of an old tenant farmer, who, on paying his rent, told his landlord that he wanted some timber to build a house, and would be much obliged if he would give him permission to cut down what would answer for the purpose.

"No!" said the landlord, sharply.

"Well, then, sir," the farmer went on, "will you give me enough to build a barn?"

"No."

"To make a gate, then?"

"Yes."

"That's all I wanted," said the farmer, "and more than I expected."

A trade circular gives this interesting comparison of prices:

	1913	1927
Pig iron	$14.58	$19.28
Steel	1.76	2.52
Cotton	11.18	17.75
Crude oil	2.50	2.90
Wheat	.90	1.43

From the "Texas Ranger:"

"How about a little remuneration for my efforts?" the vagrant minstrel asked.

"Sure thing," the Scotchman replied. "What do you want me to sing?"

An inspection of the Caucasian Railway storehouse in Tiflis, Georgia (of the Caucasus), revealed a quantity of candles sufficient to supply the needs of that railroad for the next fifty years. Electricity is regarded as too radical for immediate adoption.

"Nation's Business" tells of the Kodak king, George Eastman's, genius for detail. After looking over the architect's plan several years ago for the theater with 6,000 seats which he was planning to give the city of Rochester, Mr. Eastman indicated general approval, but thought there was room for two more seats in the orchestra.

"Why raise the issue about two seats when there are to be 6,000 in the theater?" queried the architect.

And Mr. Eastman is reported to have replied: "Each extra seat, for which there is ample room, would bring in an additional revenue of 30 cents a show, making 60 cents for the day, or $3.60 a week, figuring six performances. At the end of the year, the revenue would amount to $187.20, which, incidentally is the interest on $3,120 for the year."

The doctor found that the delivery boy's ear, which had been paining, was full of water.

"How did this happen?" he asked. "Have you been swimming?"

"No," replied the boy; "been eatin' watermelon."

In 1910 ice-cream to the amount of 95,450,000 gallons was consumed in the United States. Last year we ate 324,665,000 gallons, an increase of 240 per cent in sixteen years.

Will Rogers says that with too many folks the important question is, not how to eat soup, but how to get soup to eat.

Reports in the movie trade papers state that the rural film-theater patrons now want their movie heroes and heroines dressed *à la Fifth Avenue*. Mere train wrecks, burning houses, armies in battle, etc., are no longer interesting unless the girl has her brows picked, her hair waved, and her hands manicured. The simple calico outfit is no longer sufficient.

The population of New York City in 1790 was 33,131, or about the present population of a third-rate prize-fight.

Mother had come in from the farm to visit her daughter in the city. After the kiss of greeting, she noticed her daughter's bobbed hair. Her eyes opened wide with astonishment. "Well, for pity's sake, Lizzy," she exclaimed, "you never even writ me you had the typhoid!"

From the Kansas City "Star:"

"Aw, I can't!" whined the young nephew.

"You can't?" answered old Riley Rezzidew sarcastically. "You ain't been hypnotized, have ye, or got a broken leg, or the dyspepsy, or a wife and mother-in-law to henpeck the energy out o' you; you are not in the poorhouse or in jail, or bound hand and foot with chains, are ye? In this present Anno Domerni and this Great Land of the Free any whole and healthy man or boy who makes use of the word 'can't,' when referring to any task or duty of every-day life, ought to be arrested for misappropriating other people's property—stealing a word that is the rightful possession of cripples, paupers, prisoners, and model husbands."

The Germans compound some very long words, but the Welsh have established the world's record. Here is the name of a village in Wales: Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwll-llantsiliogogogoch. Translated it means "Church of St. Mary, white hazel hollow near the rapid whirlpool-Tysilio's Church of the red cave."

"I've had a terrible warning of approaching death."

"No, really?"

"Yes, I bought one of those lifetime fountain pens, and it's broken."

Some people's signatures are so undecipherable that they might just as well save time and sign their names with a cross.

Sunday-school teacher: "Now, Willie, what happens to a man who never thinks of his soul, but only his body?"

Willie: "Please, teacher, he gets fat."

"One interesting event of the millennium," comments "Life," "will be the spectacle of the mosquito and the camper lying down together."

Can you untangle this pi? Answer next week.

Taresh kile rosod poe whit aees
Ot yerv, vyer, tillet yesk.
Dan notd geroft atht yeth ear seeth,
"I kanth oyu ris," nda "fi uyo pasele."

Answer to last week's anagram: "Pots," "tops," "stop," "spot," and "post."

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